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MASTER

By
ALBERT R. WETJEN

19 AUG 1943

THE sea was troubled and undecided. The wind shifted every few minutes. The weather quite obviously was about to change, but had not yet made up its mind, which caused the Alvia to lunge viciously, then drop with an unpleasant squattering noise.

In the chartroom Mr. March, the third mate, was complaining to the second. Mr. March was a very young man. He knew a great deal. Young officers do.

"I don't see why the old man had to make such a fuss about it," he said, aggrieved. "Anyone's liable to forget to set the clocks back. You'd think it was a matter of life or death."

"Well, perhaps he thought it was. He likes to beef," observed the second, sourly. He had been reprimanded himself the day before, and it still rankled.

"Every time he looks at me," complained Mr. March, "he has to spout that pet saying: 'It's the little things that count, mister. If a man can't handle the little things he's not liable to handle anything big.' Rats! He ought to have been a parson!" He steadied himself, then hurriedly swallowed back further speech as Captain Lefevre entered the chartroom.

"I thought I told you specifically to see the hatches were all battened tight!" he snapped at Mr. March.

"I did, sir," the third mate stated indignantly.

"Well, you'd better look again. We just shipped a sea forward that knocked every wedge out of No. 1 and ripped the tarpaulin all to shreds!"

"Yes, sir," agreed Mr. March. "And another thing," said Captain Lefevre, "did you take the compass error last watch?"

"Naturally, sir." The third mate was surprised. "Is anything wrong?" "It's the custom," said Captain Lefevre acidly, "to enter the matter in the log book. Or have you forgotten there is a log book?"

"No, sir," said Mr. March. "I mean, yes, sir; I suppose I must have forgotten."

"Bah!" said the captain. "Get out!" Mr. March left hurriedly to attend to the matter of No. 1 hatch, while Captain Lefevre

settled at the chart table, scowling. He feared they were in for dirty weather—and he was right.

By night the wind was a half gale, with the seas swinging in great foam-capped hills. The Alvia ran blind before the storm, tossing hugely, the sprays hammering over each rail.

"The old man ought to heave-to," said Mr. March. "We can't outrun this, and we'll be pooped any minute."

"He's trying to make Tonga Harbor," the second mate explained disconsolately. "But if you ask me we won't do it. The current's probably shoved us farther east than we reckon."

The chartroom door opened and Captain Lefevre came in. "Is this all you've got to do?" he demanded.

"It's the mate's watch, sir," protested Mr. March.

"Never mind that. Get out with the mate. We should be sighting the Tonga light pretty soon, if the drift hasn't carried us too far." He glared at them.

"Taking it out on us," yelled Mr. March, as they clawed out into the roaring dark. "If I ever get to be a skipper I'll try and act human."

In the chartroom Captain Lefevre took off his dripping sou'-wester and oilskins, then leaned on the chart table with his head in his hands. Both wind and sea were still rising. Captain Lefevre swore. The only logical thing to do, considering the weather and the condition of his ship, was to heave-to and try to ride the thing out. But he was running barely on time as it was, and if he hove-to it meant at least a day wasted.

Of course, if he was going to heave-to at all, now was the time to do so with comparative safety. The ship was empty, and had very little ballast. If he left it too late she might hang in the trough, when anything could happen.

He swore again, hesitated a while longer, and then, with a tired shrug, made his decision. He'd hold the course just two hours more, and if they didn't raise Tonga by then he'd heave-to. He had forty men's lives in his hands.

He joined March and the second mate on the bridge, and stared straining ahead into the smother. About an hour later the Alvia sat

suddenly down behind a sea, and it came to Captain Lefevre that he had probably left it too late.

"We'll have to turn," he managed to roar into the second mate's ear. "Hard aport!" The second mate ran to the helmsman as the captain jammed down the telegraph to put one engine astern. A flicker of lightning disclosed Mr. March handing on the rail, and watching him anxiously-eyed, and in a last burst of exasperation the nerve-racked captain screamed: "What the devil are you doing here? Get aft and see what damage there is!"

Mr. March clawed down the companion to the main deck, filled with indignant thoughts. The old man didn't have to bellow about everything, did he? It was a tough job sending a man aft to inspect, the mess.

The Alvia was coming round slowly in the screaming wind and lightning-riven dark. But she was riding too light for her screws to take full hold, save when she dipped. The wind caught her on the beam and heeled her, and as she wallowed in the trough she was swept. More particularly, by some freak, a crest smashed across the navigation bridge, ripping out both wings, carrying everything movable away, and taking overside with it Captain Lefevre and his first and second mates. They hadn't a chance.

Back aft, Mr. March made a frantic dive for the safety of the steering-house. He emerged in a panic to find the ship still on her beam-ends, but swinging yet in the lull, and when a flash of lightning showed him the bridge had been stripped, he slid and clawed frantically back amidships, and managed to get on the upper bridge.

The Alvia was heading to the sea now, and coming to an even keel, but beginning to swing completely around in the trough once more under the thrust of her screws. Mr. March jumped instinctively for the telegraph and put the reversed engine ahead again.

He eased the engine speed so that the Alvia wouldn't plunge into the incoming seas, and then crossed the ruined bridge to peer down on the main deck, thrown into quick relief by the lightning. It was a ruin, of course. And then it came to him with a shock that he was in command.

HE had half realised this, of course. With no sign of the old man or the other mates around, it was likely enough they had gone overside. But it didn't really sink home to him until the drawn-faced, shaken bosun climbed to the bridge.

"All three of them, sir," he chattered. "What'd we better do now?"

The third mate felt his stomach turn to water. "Hardly any use trying to lower a boat in this weather," he began.

"I doubt if we've got any boats," said the bosun grimly. A lightning flash revealed his face, still horror-stricken at what he had seen. But it was also attentive, and Mr. March understood he should say something further.

"I . . . I suppose we'd better get number two hatch covered again first," he managed. "And have Chips sound the bells. Then look her over and see how badly she's hurt."

"Aye, sir," said the bosun and started to move away when Mr. March checked him. "You'd also better send the apprentices up to me, if we've any apprentices left."

He'd never expected anything like this to happen. He had only a second mate's ticket, yet here he suddenly had a ship on his hands, together with forty-odd men. And there was nothing to do but command.

The three apprentices came clanking, ash-en-faced, on to the bridge. Mr. March looked at Thomas, the eldest, and said grimly, "You'll be acting first mate. You'll have to act as second, Jones, and you, Wallrin, can act as third. I don't think there's a man in the fo'ble with a ticket this run. So it's up to us."



"Hardly any use trying to lower a boat in this weather," Mr. March began.

They said, "Yes, sir," nervously, and he sent them away to help the bosun and to inspect the ship's damage.

He was never quite sure how he managed to endure the rest of that night, for worry ate into him. Men came up and asked him things, and he answered, and he could not recall just what he had said, except it seemed to be the right thing and satisfactory. They got the broken hatches covered, got the ship pumped reasonably dry, and managed with some judicious use of the engines to keep her from yawing too wildly. The wind was dropping when dawn broke, and the sea began to abate. When full day came, he left Thomas in charge of the bridge and flung himself on the chartroom settee to rest a while.

He was exhausted, emotionally and physically, but he found he could not close his eyes. Every lunge and shudder the ship gave brought him half starting up, and he remembered that in very bad weather Captain Lefevre had sometimes been that way. He'd called it the old man's nerves then. He wasn't so sure now.

The steward came up with a pot of coffee he'd made on a small spirit stove, and he was full of trouble.

"The galley got swept last night, sir," he reported, "and the cook was scalded by steam from the range."

The chief engineer was next. It seemed the fore part of the stern bushing of one of the oil shafts had sprung, and it would be advisable to stop it while the trouble was fixed.

Was there nothing else but worry in handling a ship? It seemed not. He gave the best orders he could to remedy these troubles, then, without appetite, he ate a sandwich and finished the rest of the coffee. Then, knowing any rest was impossible, he went wearily back on the bridge.

"You didn't rest very long," said Thomas deferentially. The new commander smiled faintly. "No, I didn't." And he added, "She's quite a mess, isn't she?" and went down on the main deck to see for himself. If he had had any sensation left, he would have been appalled.

He had heard old seamen talk of ships being left in such a condition after a vicious storm, but he had always taken such talk with a grain of salt. Now he had to face the plain, unmitigated facts; the Alvia, topside, was just about a wreck.

Please turn to page 20

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Army with Banners

**She longed to be
brave and lovely
like her rival.**

YOU go on to the platform, Bunty. I'd better stay with Podger. You know how he hates engine whistles."

Bunty, who was fourteen and the youngest of the three Jacksons, took two steps towards the station, then stopped, her soft mouth twisted into a Puckish grimace.

"What do I say to this lofty Waafer, Cis? Do I have to congratulate her on getting that medal, or whatever it is?"

"Of course not!" Cicely laughed. "And because Miss Holt's been decorated for bravery is no reason for you to be so awkward. Off you go!"

With a skip of long, stocking legs, Bunty disappeared through the barrier.

It wasn't only on Podger's account that Cicely had elected to stay in the pony-trap. Somehow she felt absurdly shy at meeting her sister, Brenda, who was getting married to-morrow, and Lisa Holt, her friend in the W.A.A.F., who was to be one of her bridesmaids.

Lisa was quite a celebrity. Only a few weeks back she had been decorated for her coolness and devotion to duty during a raid on the aerodrome, and Cicely was curious to meet her. Heroes and heroines hardly ever looked the part.

"Hullo, Cis!" Brenda came over to the trap, Lisa and Bunty just behind her. "This is Lisa—my sister, Cicely. How's everybody, Cis? Are the young Cockneys behaving themselves? I needn't ask after Podger; he looks fatter than ever."

"Everyone is all right," Cicely answered, stowing Lisa's small suitcase under the seat. "Yes, the evacuees have settled down, and as for Podger—well, he lost his figure years ago. Wartime rations have come too late to save it."

"Oh, isn't it lovely here!" Lisa's voice matched her looks. Unusual, charming, distinctive. Bunty was already gazing at her with what the Jacksons knew as her hero-worshipping look, and no wonder, Cicely thought, for Lisa was unquestionably beautiful, with big, grey eyes set in a face of flawless contours, framed by a silken floss of primrose-yellow hair.

Cicely, making encouraging sounds to Podger as he tolled up the hill, was thinking ruefully of the effect this beauty would have upon Colin Sinclair.

He was to be best man to-morrow—Colin, whom she had secretly adored for the last five years, and who had spent so little of that time in Madlingstone that she had had no chance to discover whether he liked her in anything but a friendly way. It wasn't likely that he did. Cicely decided, since the Sinclairs and the Jacksons had been friends for ages, ever since Charles Sinclair and Ralph Jackson—Colin's father and hers—had been medical students together.

Cicely had a swift vision of Lisa in the hide and silver bridesmaid's frock, the Juliet cap of forget-me-nots and silver leaves, with the tiny veil of misty blue. Why, Colin wouldn't have eyes for anyone else!

Upstairs in the old nursery after tea she was even more sure of it. Mrs. Jackson and the two small girls from Stepney ensconced themselves among the cushions on the broad window-seat to criticise and admire, while the three sisters and Lisa gave them a dress rehearsal of the bride's arrival.

Gladys Snell gasped audibly, and her sisters' comment, "Coo, ain't she luvly!" was obviously a tribute to Lisa rather than to Brenda's more ordinary prettiness.

"But Brenda doesn't mind," Cicely thought miserably. "And Mummy looks as proud of Lisa as she does of us. I suppose she feels that it really gives us a boost, having a bridesmaid who's a heroine, and Bunty obviously adores her already. I'm the only one who's jealous, and it's perfectly beastly of me!"

Sudden hot tears stung her eyes. If only Tim were here! She would have found it so easy to tell her twin brother all about it—her foolish tenderness for Colin, her unhappy assurance that Lisa would, as Tim would phrase it, "loot her lightning" to-morrow. But Tim was far away somewhere, on a small grey ship among wind-tossed seas.

It was as she was winding Bunty out of her frock that Cicely heard Peter's whistle from the garden. Glancing casually out of her window, her heart gave a jerk, for beside Peter Everett—Brenda's bridegroom-to-be—stood Colin Sinclair.

Cicely said breathlessly: "It's Colin and

Peter," then realised, too late, that she should have reversed the names.

Brenda said, slipping an arm through Lisa's: "Come on down and meet them, Lisa. Peter's a pet, and I know you'll like Colin Sinclair. He's to be best man to-morrow, you know."

"Colin Sinclair!" Lisa repeated. "But I know Colin! He was at Hybridge aerodrome, where I was stationed before I got transferred to your lot, Brenda. In fact, he— She broke off suddenly, then went on hastily: "Yes, I'd love to see him again."

They went out of the room, followed clamorously by the excited children. Cicely lifted the dress over Bunty's tumbled head. "Put on your frock quickly, Bun, and for goodness' sake brush your hair! Then you can go down and see Col—Peter and Colin, too."

"Aren't you coming?" Bunty's warm, somehow comforting, hand caught at Cicely's arm. "In a minute, when I've put these things away. Why? You've not come over all shy, surely?"

Bunty paused in the doorway, kicking turned-up corner of the shabby rug. "No. But there's something about Lisa—specially in her uniform that sort of—sort of takes my breath away." She laughed confusedly.

"She's so lovely, and yet—she makes me think of that bit out of the 'Song of Solomon,' you know—'Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.' Only, of course, not terrible."

Cicely said gravely: "I know what you mean, Bunty. But they'll all be talking together. They'll hardly notice you if you go in quietly."

Listening to Bunty's retreating footsteps, Cicely's thoughts flew back to that simile she had used. "An army with banners!" Galant, glorious, gay. Yes, the simile was perfect. Beauty and courage—what could stand against them? Surely not Colin, who flirted outrageously with every pretty girl he met!

She went on tidying away the frocks, shut the wardrobe door, and turned with a start. Colin himself was standing in the shadows of the doorway.

"Yes, I'd love to see him again."

**"So you love your brother Tim better than anyone else. Is that it?"
Colin asked gravely.**

"Finished tidying up? Your mother asked me to come up and fetch you. Well, how's Cicely?"

He walked across the room, tossed the cushions to the opposite end of the window-seat, and sat down, pulling out a half-filled pipe.

"Say, can I smoke up here?" he went on, without waiting for her to answer his previous question. "Fact is, I simply daren't put a pipe on down there in your drawing-room. There's such a sweet, sentimental atmosphere—wedding-cake, flowers, tender glances, and what-not—that a pipe seemed sheer desecration."

"Of course you can smoke," Cicely said, and tried vainly to think of something else to say.

He laughed, and patted the seat beside him. "Come on and sit down, my girl. Heavens, you ought to have been christened Martha—all the chores you find to do!"

There was a note of irritation—was it?—in his voice that made Cicely's heart stammer and slow up. She sat down beside him in silence, her hands folded on her lap, not looking at him. Martha! Didn't he realise that someone had to cope with all the work?

She said on an impulse of sheer contrariness: "If you really mean to smoke that pipe up here, I'll get on with some darning. There's the mending-bag close beside you."

He handed it over and asked: "Looking forward to to-morrow?"

She nodded. "In some ways."

He was silent for a moment, then he said thoughtfully: "Bit of luck for me, running into Lisa again like that. I'd no idea Brenda knew her."

Cicely's head was bent industriously over her work. She said, in a voice that was intended to be gaily casual: "It's funny, but somehow you don't expect a very brave person to look beautiful. I don't know why."

"Case of the gods showing favoritism, isn't it? Still, you couldn't wish Lisa to be any different. She's a good scout. And sweet as they make 'em."

"She really took our breath away, Bunty's and mine." Cicely's heart was sinking lower and lower with his words. Oh, the warmth in his voice as he said them.

Colin laughed. "Bunty certainly seems smitten. I've noticed she hardly lets Lisa out of her sight."

"She told me that she reminded her of the 'Song of Solomon,'" Cicely said. "That bit about—what is it—'fair as the moon, clear as the sun, terrible as an army with banners.'"

Her soft voice made music of the beautiful phrases.

"H'm! That kid's got brains, you know. 'An army with banners!' Isn't that just the effect a girl like Lisa has on you? Talk about inspiration. You don't need to be jawed at when you can look at her."

Cicely could find nothing to say to this. After a moment Colin said in quite a different tone: "I suppose all you women will weep a little to-morrow, and thoroughly enjoy it. Funny creatures!"

"Indeed, we shan't!" Cicely said, indignantly. "We shall all be as gay as gay."

The smile faded a little from her eyes as she went on, more softly: "The only thing to spoil it is Tim being away. If he could have been here it would be quite perfect."

"Oh!" Colin's eyes twinkled mischievously under quizzically lifted dark brows. "Anyone would think you were talking about a sweetheart, my girl, not just a brother."

"Maybe they do!" Cicely jabbed the needle viciously into the sock. "But Tim isn't just a brother. He's my twin. We've always been together, done things together, until this horrible war."

Her voice shook uncontrollably, and she blinked back sudden tears.

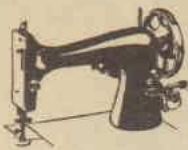
"I see," Colin said gravely. "And so you love your brother Tim better than anyone else. Is that it?"

Please turn to page 4



By CLAIRE RITCHIE

You
can't replace it



so protect it!

Your sewing machine, your vacuum cleaner, in fact most of your household tools must last you for the duration. Protect them from wear and rust with 3-in-One Oil. Keeps them working smoothly.



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Dad says if you once let a woman hold the reins she's not content till she's in the driver's seat.

Jack brought me a beautiful embroidered cloth from Cairo. You bet I'll look after this with Rinso, I told him. Those richer, thicker suds are just as good with dainty finery as heavy work-shirts and towels.

Some folks spend so much time talkin' they haven't any time left to think about what they're sayin'.

If a man wants to get in the bad books, just let him poke fun at some "bargain" his wife fell for.

There's no bargain to touch Rinso on washday. The way it eases out dirt and gets silks and coloureds so breezy-bright is as good as a helpin' hand. And give me Rinso to shift grease when I'm washing-up, as well.

Rinso's richer, thicker suds make the whole wash sparkle



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To her horror, Army with Banners

Continued from page 3

To her horror, Cicely felt herself blushing under his amused gaze. She sprang up, stuffed the sock back into the mending bag, and said hastily: "We really must go down! Mother will think I'm awfully rude."

"You can blame me. We'll tell her we were rehearsing for to-morrow. Let me see—" he followed her out on to the landing—"which arm do I offer you? The one nearest my heart, isn't it?"

"You're thinking of the bride and groom," said Cicely seriously. Then, seeing the laughter in his eyes, she moved quickly towards the stairs. "Oh, don't please, Colin! And don't get me muddled, or I shall be sure to do the wrong thing when the time comes."

Cicely woke next morning with a sense of joyous excitement. Her depression of yesterday seemed unimportant compared with the gay realities of the day, and by the time she reached the breakfast table the tide of tasks and duties had so absorbed her that she had no thoughts to spare for herself. Halfway through the morning, when there was a temporary lull, she walked into the kitchen.

"Anything I can do for you, Mummy?"

Mrs. Jackson looked up with a harassed smile. "If you could find time to cycle into Latimer's, dear. I completely forgot the sherry last week. And you might look in at the post-office and see if there are any more wires. Poor old Carter's been up this hill so many times—"

Ten minutes later Cicely was flying down Woody Hill to the shops, singing softly to herself for sheer happiness. She got the sherry, fastened it safely into the basket at the handlebars, and opened the door of the post-office.

"Any more wires for us, Ranny?" Miss Randall, the grey-haired post-mistress, looked up quickly.

"Oh, yes, Miss Cicely, there is something. If you'd come in a moment—"

She handed Cicely a telegram, and

said in a voice that trembled on the verge of tears: "I'm so glad you looked in, Miss Cicely, dear. I had this all ready, but I didn't know quite what to do with it. It—it's so dreadful, with Miss Brenda getting married to-day, and all—"

But Cicely wasn't listening. She was staring agonisedly at the flimsy slip of paper.

"Tim!" she said softly, appealingly. It couldn't be true that he was gone. Not even if, as it said here, his ship was overdue, lost.

Suddenly she realised the devastating effect of this slip of paper. If they knew at home everything would have to be put aside, Brenda's wedding, and when would she be able to get leave again?

Then, like a flash, the solution came. No one knew of this yet except Ranny, who could be trusted to keep silence. And she, Cicely? Well, she would have to carry on somehow, for all their sakes. Hide this horrible telegram away until to-morrow.

She leant across the counter, touched Miss Randall's hand.

"Ranny, no one must know of this to-day. Promise me you won't tell anyone."

Miss Randall brushed away the tears. "I promise, Miss Cicely. But it's going to be hard for you, my dear."

Cicely turned abruptly away. I mustn't think, she told herself, biting her quivering lip to keep back the crowding tears. It's all I can do for them, to give them this one day unspilt. Tim, darling, you would want it this way, I know. Oh, help me to be gay and ordinary, so that no one will guess.

At home the wedding preparations continued in a fever of excitement. . . . Frocks, posies, prayer-books. . . . At last Cicely found herself walking up the aisle behind the little train-bearer. She saw Mummy's happy smile, Daddy's look of pride. Brenda herself looked radiant, and Bunty's eyes were like stars. All this joy—and yet one glance at that telegram—tucked securely up her narrow sleeve, along with a purely ornamental blue chiffon handkerchief—would end it for ever.

The vestry, the signing of the register, Peter's pleasant brotherly kiss on her cheek. And now Colin offering her his arm. The moment to which she had looked forward for so many weeks, and now it seemed utterly unimportant.

And suddenly, just as they reached the bottom of the aisle, Cicely saw, clearly and vividly, Tim's face. It struck her like a blow; here they were, rejoicing, making merry—and Tim was dead. She stood still, one hand to her eyes, to shut out that vision.

"You're faint!" Colin's soft voice, said concernedly close to her ear. "And no wonder! You've been doing everybody's work as well as your own. Never mind, my girl, it'll soon be over."

"It's all right, Colin." The color came back to her cheeks, she moved forward quickly. Colin mustn't suspect anything.

Cutting the wedding cake with Peter's sword. Laughter, people admiring Lisa. And then, inevitably, the toast which cut like a sharp knife across Cicely's heart.

"Absent friends—especially our boy Tim." Her father's voice rang out proudly as he raised his glass. Cicely's eyes shut as she drank the toast. Forgive me, my darling—I've got to go through with it!

Good-byes at last. Brenda shedding the first tears of the day—was it only yesterday that Colin had teased her about crying at weddings?—as she kissed her mother.

To-morrow, Cicely reflected dully, Lisa was leaving on the first train. She would have to wait until she had gone, and until Colin had come in to say good-bye. When Bunty and the evacuees were safely out of the way at school—that would be the moment—the moment when she would have to lay this burden of intolerable grief upon their hearts.

Cicely stooped to pick up the blue chiffon hankie, and gave a sudden gasp of sheer horror. The telegram was gone. She had had it as she walked up the aisle. She recalled the tickly feel of it against her arm. Now it was gone. But where had it fallen—worse than that, who had picked it up? She looked wildly round, ran out on to the landing. No sign of it anywhere.

If she had dropped it downstairs in the dining-room someone would

surely have seen it and picked it up. It might be in the church—Old Thomas, the sexton, wouldn't be sweeping up until morning—

Cicely reached for her coat, tied a scarf over her head, and sped silently downstairs and across the garden.

She reached the church gate before she remembered. The doors would surely be locked by now! She would have to go round to old Thomas and get the key—

"Why Cicely!" She wheeled round to face Colin, her heart thumping absurdly. "I've—I've lost something," Cicely stammered. "I thought it might be in the church."

As she moved to pass him he caught her hand. "Is this—what you were looking for?"

"Why, where did you find it?" She took it from him, her face very white in the dusk. "Colin, no one else has seen it, have they?"

He shook his head. "No, I caught sight of it in a corner, and wondered what it was. I read it, too, Cicely, my dear, you've borne this all alone—"

It was too much. She put one hand to her mouth, fought back a sob, and then turned, blinded by tears, to the comfort of his arms. Against his shoulder she sobbed out the grief and desolation that had ached for this relief all through the long day. Presently, as the storm spent itself, he said gently:

"You haven't got to believe anything. Only stop grieving and hold on for a bit. Maybe you'll have news of him to-morrow. You didn't mean to tell your parents to-night, did you?"

She shook her head. "No, I thought I'd wait till Lisa had gone. And I suppose you'll be going with her?"

"No, I'm not!" he said rather tersely. "I've got a whole week's leave, and I propose to come over and lend you some support when you have to face this bad spot. If you'll let me, that is. But I still feel certain we'll see Tim again, and alive and well at that."

"You sound so sure, you make me feel much better," breathed Cicely.

It was raining hard when Lisa left next morning. Cicely was seated at the desk by the study window, making out accounts for her father, with one eye on the gate. She had never thought that the sight of Colin would depress her, but now she found herself almost hoping that he wouldn't come. You coward, she reproached herself, and jumped violently as the gate clanged.

No, it wasn't Colin after all. Looked like a tramp or a man selling something. That funny old cap and shabby reefer coat. . . .

"Tim!" Cicely sprang from her chair and rushed to the front door. "Oh, Tim darling, darling!" She was in his arms, clinging to him, heedless of the tears running down her cheeks.

"Good old Cis! Heavens, how glad I am to be home!" Tim said at last. "Where's everybody?" He let out an ear-piercing whistle. "I've been swimming for years, got bumped on the head, and picked up just as I was half-way to limbo. They dumped me in a little fishing village, and I couldn't get any sort of message through to you. One of the fishermen lent me some clothes—just look at 'em! And a fellow gave me a lift—hullo, Mums, glad to see you're not in mourning for me yet!"

Mrs. Jackson had appeared at the front door just as Colin turned in at the gate. When the rejoicings and explanations calmed down a little, and Tim and his mother went in search of food and fresh clothes, Colin turned to Cicely.

"Now, my girl, I can't decorate you with a medal for your heroism, but I can offer you something else. You've been so busy running around doing things for other people you never seemed to notice I'd like a little attention. I even tried to make you jealous by praising good old Lisa up to the skies, but you merely agreed with the utmost sweetness! So I've decided I'll just have to come straight out with it. Will you—oh, hang it, darling. Say you'll marry me, Cicely. I've waited so long."

"You've waited! Oh, Colin, I thought—"

He gave her a little shake. "Yes, you thought a man only admires beauty and the spectacular sort of courage. I suppose it never occurred to you that I'd confided in Lisa months ago, told her how unapproachable you were."

He laughed softly at Cicely's gasp of astonishment.

"Perfectly true. You think she's wonderful, don't you? So she is, but so are you. There's an army without banners, you know, which fights bravely, with no medals given for its deeds of quiet courage."

He tilted her chin with one finger. "Just for that unselfish sweetness of yours, I confer upon you the highest honor that's in my power. The M.C.S."

Her eyes, so softly adoring, were suddenly puzzled. "M.C.S.? Member of the College of Surgeons?" "You've got it wrong," Colin said, his mouth just above hers. "It's Mrs. Colin Sinclair, darling."

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WHO IS SYLVIA?

THE weird commercial interlude began literally with a breeze—a quivering breeze that wafted through the open window of our Gopher Gap teacherage dining-room, a frigid reminiscence of bygone snows. I sneezed.

"You're getting another touch of the Holloway," Marcia cautioned me with wifely solicitude. "I wish you'd try a course of that serum Aunt Nellie uses."

"I should hardly call Aunt Nellie a glowing testimonial to its effectiveness," I responded. "To what refuge is she fleeing from the malignant virus this season?"

"She's leaving on Monday for Banff."

"And little Evangeline's coming to stay with us while her mother's away," said Marcia's mother. "Isn't that nice?"

Little Evangeline is not a favorite of mine. I buttered a raisin crumpet grimly, wordlessly.

"Well," sniffed Marcia's mother, "I suppose a man who would eat raisin crumpets would butter them."

"Alluding to dairy products," I ventured. "Abigail Flack informed me this morning at recess that, owing to an abrupt decline in production among her grandfather's herd, they will be unable to supply us with milk in the future."

"This day and age!" cried Marcia's mother. "Evangeline must have milk. The doctor prescribed it for her diet. Six glasses of fresh milk every day."

"I suppose we'll have to get it from the Thompsons," Marcia said dubiously.

"Impossible," declared Marcia's mother. "Mrs. Thompson's such a careless housekeeper. It would be crawling with germs. And boiling it would destroy the vitamins."

"Perhaps little Evangeline could obtain hospitably elsewhere," I suggested hopefully.

Marcia's mother announced, "I have an idea."

I quaked internally, wondering what on earth was coming.

"We'll buy a cow," said Marcia's mother.

"A COW?" Marcia's expression was blank. "But, Mother, wherever could we keep a cow?"

"Right here in Gopher Gap school barn," her mother said. "With the scholars all riding bicycles it's standing empty."

"Why—it sounds like an excellent idea," Marcia commented. "Don't you think so, Holloway?"

"Unfortunately," I answered, "such a transaction would involve an expenditure far beyond the reach of my slender stipend."

"If you're trying to say we can't afford a cow you needn't spend a penny," declared Marcia's mother, pouring herself a cup of tea. "You could trade the Basenji for one."

Now the Basenji is our car. A product of the remote nineteen-twenties, it is erratic in temperament, but under my guidance it performs creditably enough. This peculiarity has prompted Marcia to call it the Basenji, after a certain breed of African dog that knows but one master.

Marcia's mother inadvertently jostled the teapot as she set it down. "This day and age!" she gasped. "I wouldn't have it broken for the world. I got it thirty years ago as a wedding present. Hand-painted. There isn't another just like it anywhere on earth."

This seemed quite probable. The urn, in truth, was a singular one. It bore a design depicting incredibly obese cherubs playing quoits with garlands of crimson roses.

"It's more patriotic to walk these days," Marcia said. "What do you think, Holloway?"

My feelings for the Basenji are those of a doting parent for a wayward child. "The reply," I said firmly, "is unequivocally in the negative."

That evening, when I retraced my steps to the teacherage from the



My first wild surmise, on attempting to milk Sylvia, was that I had been torpedoed at sea.

schoolhouse where I am employed by the trustees of Gopher Gap, I found the premises vacant. Pinned to the tablecloth was a note executed in Marcia's scrawl:

Holloway—Mother and I driving to Radnor with Mr. Thompson to stay with Aunt Nellie until she leaves for Banff. Hope you make out all right with cooking—Marcia. P.S.—Good luck in buying cow, love and kisses M.

The second sentence I re-read with scrupulous attention. Then I sighed, kindled the fire, and, opening Marcia's cook book at a paragraph entitled "Raisin Crumpets," I set about concocting a panful of these delectable delicacies. Hardly had I placed them in the oven when a visitor arrived in the person of Abigail's grandfather, Mr. Ephraim Flack.

"Mr. Jessup, could I borrow your car for the week-end?" Mr. Flack requested. "Our own has gone on the hummer at a time when it is sorely needed. Brother Skelton is sojourning with us."

"Brother Skelton?" I queried.

"Our minister," elucidated Mr. Flack. "A righteous man who goes about doing good works. But that busted crown gear has sure put a crimp on his going about."

"You are welcome to the car," I assured him, and I picked up Marcia's mother's teapot to fill it.

That, at least, was my intention.

Actually I picked up only the handle of the teapot. This rest of the receptacle, becoming detached from the handle in some mysterious manner, fell to the floor and broke in a dozen fragments.

"Tst! Tst!" said Mr. Flack. I seized a broom and began unhappily to sweep up the pieces. Mr. Flack watched the salvage operations with keen interest. "That's funny," he remarked. "My wife—"

I did not feel interested just then in listening to a discussion of Mr. Flack's good helpmeet. "Mr. Flack," I said, "have you a cow you would consider selling to me?"

Mr. Flack sniffed. "Something burning?"

I had forgotten the raisin crumpets. Snatching them, smoking, out of the oven, I observed ruefully, "My memory is not what it should be."

"Reckon my hearing ain't the best, either," said Mr. Flack. "Would you believe it, I thought just now I heard you say you wanted to buy a cow off of me?"

"Mr. Flack," I assured him, "your auditory powers are beyond reproach. You see, the idea of buying the cow was Marcia's mother's. The teapot I have broken was likewise hers. I fear its destruction will not please her; and I thought that by acceding to her wishes in the matter of purchasing the cow I might—"

Mr. Flack nodded. "Say no more, Mr. Jessup, say no more. I once had a mother-in-law myself. Now, about the cow—"

"She must be a good milker," I stipulated. "And gentle."

"Well, there's Sylvia," Mr. Flack stroked his beard. "She's gentle as a kitten. How much was you thinking of paying, Mr. Jessup?"

"Since your own car is out of commission," I suggested, "would you consider exchanging Sylvia for the Basenji—for ours?"

The upshot was that we repaired to the Flack farmstead to finalise our transaction.

"Malachi," Mr. Flack called to one of his grandsons, "run Sylvia into the barn. Mr. Jessup's thinking of buying her."

"Ah, gee, grampa, if you wanna sell a cow why doncha sell ol' Sapphi—"

"Malachi, that will suffice," Mr. Flack hushed him austerely. "Do your grandfather's bidding."

Sylvia proved to be a demure little creature with a beige coat and an

nearby shed. "You can ride it home," said Mr. Flack kindly.

The following morning Abigail and Malachi Flack appeared at Gopher Gap school riding an ancient buckskin pony and driving ahead of them a reluctant cow. "Grampa says to tether her out to grass on a long rope and tie her in the barn to milk her," Abigail informed me. "You should oughta water her three times a day and milk her twice."

Throughout that day the schoolroom was pervaded with the ominous quiet every teacher dreads, full of suppressed snickers and surreptitious glances.

Once, turning suddenly from the blackboard, I surprised Alvin Loessing apitropically pantomiming the act of milking a cow. A little later, when Vladimir Minsky attempted to declaim Mr. William Shakespeare's exquisite lyric commencing, "Who is Sylvia, what is she?" the pupils burst into a whoop of what was to me incomprehensible mirth.

I was not a little relieved when the hour of dismissal arrived and my charges scattered homeward. In the silence that followed their departure, Sylvia's suppliant low sounded nerve-rackingly loud.

Walking over to Sylvia, I untied her from the picket and led her to the pump, where she imbibed a prodigious quantity of water. I conducted her into the stable, secured her to a manger, and seated myself

beside her with a pail between my knees. Murmuring, "So, boss!" in the time-established fashion, I stroked her flank.

My first wild surmise was that I had been torpedoed at sea. This impression, however, was erroneous. The cataclysmic force that had laid me sprawling upon the stable floor had been, not a charge of TNT, but the potent hind foot of Sylvia.

Somewhat dazedly I picked up the empty peach crate that I was using as a stool and retrieved the pail. Sylvia's expression was no longer benign. Her eyes, distended and lurid, followed every move I made. With considerably diminished confidence I repeated myself and resumed my former overtures.

Swift as a rocket bomb Sylvia's hind foot again shot out, and again I found myself grovelling upon the none too immaculate stable floor.

Springing to my feet I snatched up the overturned crate and brandished it aloft. Once more Sylvia's

foot lashed out. It struck my improvised weapon squarely, and I held, not a peach crate, but a handful of splintered wood.

Shaken and bruised, I repaired to the teacherage. Into the bargain, I was shrewdly puzzled. How could a cow be a paragon of docility one evening and a high-kicking demon the next? Was Sylvia afflicted with a split personality?

The succeeding day, Saturday, Mr. Thompson called at the teacherage in his truck. A nervous, grasshopper-like little man, he cocked an ear at Sylvia's importunate low.

"Sounds to me, Mr. Jessup, like that cow wants milkin'."

"That is a task only a commando trooper could accomplish," I responded. Recollecting that Mr. Thompson was a man versed in the ways of livestock, I propounded to him the riddle of Sylvia's startling reversal of disposition.

"Trouble is, Mr. Jessup, that cow ain't Sylvia at all. She's Sapphira."

"Sapphira?"

"Yep, Eph Flack had two cows, full sisters, both alike as two peas. But the likeness is only skin deep. Sylvia's gentle as a lamb, but Sapphira can outkick a steel mule. Eph's gone and switched cows on you."

I arose slowly and put on my hat.

"Where you goin'?" Mr. Thompson inquired.

I replied: "I am going to hold an earnest conversation with Mr. Flack."

"Won't do no good to rough-tongue Eph," Mr. Thompson asserted. "A dicker's a dicker. You got Sapphira. He's got your car. You might make him take back Sapphira, but could you make him give back the car?"

This reasoning was all too sound. Reluctantly, I resumed my seat.

"Seem' Sapphira ain't no use to you, if you like. Mr. Jessup, I could take her off'n your hands. Ernie Schram, the butcher at Buffalo Butte, wants me to truck him in a cow to be butchered to-night."

The proposition appealed to me as an easy way of cutting my loss. I inquired: "What do you suppose he would pay for her?"

"Well, now, Mr. Jessup, I was thinkin' maybe you an' me might swing a deal. You'll need a barn if you're goin' to keep a cow. How about swappin' her for that barn over on my east pasture?"

Please turn to page 20

By ROBERT COMSTOCK

expression of pensive benignity. Mr. Flack handed me a milk stool and an empty pail, and I approached Sylvia with the polite reserve one instinctively manifests upon meeting a stranger. Malachi snickered.

"No, no, Mr. Jessup. The other side," Mr. Flack said.

I sat down and set to work. Despite the fact that the resulting fluid displayed an annoying propensity for getting up my sleeves instead of into the pail, I persevered.

"You done famously for the first try," Mr. Flack complimented me at the conclusion of the ordeal. "Is it a trade?"

"It is a trade, Mr. Flack," I replied. "The car is yours."

"The children will bring you Sylvia in the morning when they go to school," Mr. Flack promised. "And, since the Good Book says to give full measure, here's a little boot on the deal." He dragged a rusty and decrepit two-seated bicycle from a

nearby shed. "You can ride it home," said Mr. Flack kindly.

The following morning Abigail and Malachi Flack appeared at Gopher Gap school riding an ancient buckskin pony and driving ahead of them a reluctant cow. "Grampa says to tether her out to grass on a long rope and tie her in the barn to milk her," Abigail informed me. "You should oughta water her three times a day and milk her twice."

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LADY IN HAZARD

By ...
CAROLYN OGDEN

SHORTLY after the dangerous OTTO VON GRAUPNER escapes from internment camp in New South Wales, his former employee, MARGARET HEYDON, fails to turn up at Red Shutters holiday guest-house, where she was motoring to meet her sister, SHEILA.

MR. FIELDING, the proprietor, and MRS. SHASTERS, housekeeper, suggest that Margaret has been held up by trouble with her car, and Sheila tries to set aside her anxieties and interest herself in her fellow guests. These include the cynical young KEN CUNNINGHAM; the borsome LESLIE DASKEY; MLE MOREAU, a French refugee; and the beautiful LORICE FALWAY, who has quarrelled with SQUADRON-LEADER DESMOND.

The afternoon after Sheila's arrival she goes for a walk with Ken. They fall in with newly arrived Red Shutters guests, CORPORAL FRED TUCKER, his young bride, DAPHNE, and their friend, SERGEANT BILL CARTER. Trying to cross a ravine, they see a man's body in the water.

Now read on—

AFTERWARDS Sheila was to remember how quickly Cunningham took charge.

"Please be quiet, Mrs. Tucker. There's nothing to be frightened of. Sergeant Carter, will you come across with me?"

"I don't want to stay here in the dark," quavered Daph.

"I'm sorry," returned Cunningham, quietly. "Miss Heydon—would you?"

Sheila, holding the quivering Daph by one arm while her husband gripped the other, watched the light of the torch moving swiftly along the other side.

"About where you are now," called Corporal Tucker. "Yes, there he is. Keep your trap shut, Daph. You're worse than a curlew. Look

at Miss Heydon there, not a peep out of her. Is he dead, Bill?"

"Reckon so," replied Carter laconically, hauling the body back from the slippery rocks on which it lay face downwards.

"Who is he?"

"Some old codger. I've never seen him before. Looks a bit like Father Christmas, poor old cove."

"Don't you talk like that, Bill Carter," cried Daph, in a shrill falsetto. "You remember reverence to the dead. Oh, what a honeymoon!"

Cunningham, who had been kneeling beside the body, rose to his feet.

"I know him," he told Carter, quietly. "His name's Joe Danvers. A handy man round here."

"His neck's broken, if you ask me."

"And more besides, I shouldn't wonder, if he fell from the top. Miss Heydon and I met him earlier in the afternoon, and he'd been drinking then. I'll stay here while you get Fielding. Take the girls with you. This isn't too nice for them."

"Can I help?" called Sheila.

"Thanks, but I don't see how. You and Mrs. Tucker should get out of the cold."

"You keep your torch," advised the sergeant. "It's plenty light enough for us up that path."

Cunningham dropped the torch back in his pocket, and sank down on a stone to wait.

At last the voices died away, and Cunningham lit a cigarette. He felt tired and cold, and though he would not have admitted it, a little shaken.

Things had certainly not turned out as he had intended. Sitting before the fire the evening before, he had foreseen a day which included nothing very strenuous. Instead, he had walked miles in the attempt to make a strange girl stop worrying about her sister, and finished the day on this gruesome note.

A lantern flung a yellow glimmer along the ravine. The two soldiers were returning with Fielding.

The big man seemed in considerable distress, both of body and mind. The soldiers carried a canvas camp-stretcher. They set it down and lifted the body, going about their task as gently as though the old man were still alive.

"Poor old Joe," panted Fielding. "I've always been afraid something like this might happen. He was that unsteady."

"He was certainly unsteady when Miss Heydon and I saw him this afternoon," said Cunningham. "He'd had a few too many."

"But that's impossible," objected Fielding. "Unless someone gave him anything."

"I certainly didn't," Cunningham assured him.

"Count us out," said the corporal. "Never saw the poor old bloke till to-night."

"Well, he must have got it from somewhere," puzzled Fielding.

"Really, I'm terribly sorry to put you to all this trouble, boys. I wouldn't have had it happen for any amount. I blame myself in a way. I should have had him put into a home."

"The boss is a bit cut up," whispered the corporal to Cunningham.

"Let's get out of here, or we'll talk all night. Bill and I'll carry him. The poor old cove's no weight."

Fielding in the lead with the lantern, the melancholy little procession moved along the creek to the spot where the cliff was modified into a steep hillside. Up the path they went, arriving at last at the dead man's hut. The two soldiers set down their burden while Fielding pushed open the door.

They heard him exclaim: "Here. Take a look at this."

Cunningham followed the two men inside. Fielding had set the lantern on the table and was holding up a quart brandy bottle, empty.



"No wonder he went over the edge. Three parts full this was when I saw it last. He got it from the kitchen. Cooking brandy. I was using it myself this morning." He set the bottle down with a bang.

"Funny, that old man was honest as daylight with anything but liquor. I suppose I'd better leave it for Sergeant McCracken to see. I'll have to ring him in the morning. We'd better put Joe on his bed."

The door had no lock, but Fielding secured it with a complicated arrangement of wire, and led the way back to the house.

"I never found you difficult to understand before," Gerald said reflectively.

Shutters. Still surrounded by the uncleared-away remains of a substantial afternoon tea, they played on in front of the fire in the downstairs lounge.

"What on earth's wrong with this house to-night?" inquired Mrs. Bowley, during a brief respite as dummy.

"Mrs. Shasters says the odd-job man fell over a cliff and killed himself."

"How awkward for them," said Mrs. Carew-Poole, adding with a frown: "I was sure you had the ace, partner."

Suddenly, when hope of a meal was almost dead, the gong sent out its hollow summons.

Up in her room, Sheila, who had been lying down, roused herself from an uneasy doze and switched on the light. It was then that she noticed that the letter was gone.

She had written it that morning and left it on the table by her bed, intending to ask Mrs. Shasters when the next mail went.

She wondered if, in a vague moment, she had slipped it into her bag, but it was not there. Nor was it in any of the drawers. Obviously someone had moved it.

Mrs. Shasters, challenged in the dining-room, supplied an apologetic explanation.

"Oh, Miss Heydon, I'm so terribly sorry! I should have mentioned it. I know, but what with poor Joe meeting with that dreadful accident and everything, it quite slipped my mind. I must apologise, really I must."

"Apologise for what?" asked Sheila, in an exhausted voice.

"I intended to tell you. It was a liberty, I know, but I thought that, under the circumstances... Mr. Rice from Appleby called here this afternoon on his way to Benton and said he would post some letters for Mr. Fielding. And then I remembered that I'd sent one on your table when I went in to change the water-jug, and I knew you'd want it sent as soon as possible."

Please turn to page 14

Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Pains in Back, Nervousness, Distress, Crises under Eyes, Leg Pains, Poor Appetite, and Energy, Puffy Ankles, or Broken Bed, etc., you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs, acids, and wastes are impairing the vital functioning process of your kidneys. Take care! Ordinary medicines can't help much and you must stop these troubles by removing the cause with Cystex, which starts benefit in 2 hours and is offered on generous terms—No Benefit—No Pay. Cystex—the doctor's prescription—is approved by doctors and chemists in 73 countries, and over 30,000 people have written to say how pleased they are to have found the right medicine for their troubles.

One-Time Sufferers Praise This Medicine.

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Mrs. M.L.Z. Thompson, Brisbane, Brisbane: "I have been taking Cystex for Kidney and Bladder trouble, and it has made a different woman of me. I am feeling splendid, can do all my work, run about and walk miles, although I am 53 years of age. Cystex does all you claim for it."

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This is a **GUARANTEED Cystex** Treatment for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes these good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Bileless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3. ***

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PRAISE POND'S CREAMS



Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt. Lovely Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt, dark-haired, brown-eyed, relies on Pond's creams to keep her skin fresh and soft.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor.
A leader of the family which has been prominent in American society for generations, Mrs. John Jacob Astor has for years observed the Pond's beauty ritual.



Pond's two Creams are sold at all chemists and stores in small and large jars, also in tubes for the handbag. Economy hint—the large jars are a thrifter "buy."

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WHY THIS ELECTION IS VITAL TO WOMEN



JOHN CURTIN

Mr. Curtin and Mr. Menzies answer some questions

By ALICE JACKSON
Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly

Great issues will be decided during the years in which our next Government will function, and never before has the privilege of voting carried such a grave responsibility for women.

What do leading politicians think of some of the problems nearest the hearts of women to-day? To get some idea, I have asked a few questions of Mr. Curtin and Mr. Menzies. Here are the questions and the answers.



ROBERT MENZIES

Do you think that women should take a special interest in the forthcoming Federal election on August 21?

OBVIOUSLY, this election is of supreme interest to women because the welfare of their husbands, sons, is vitally bound up in the decisions the people will make. Furthermore, the future of Australia is vitally bound up in the conduct of the war. The world has been profoundly changed in the last four or five years. Women have

been able to assert a degree of economic independence never previously attained.

The home remains her citadel, but factory and workshop have become her arena. I have done my best in the face of an age-old law to have women paid on their merits. I see no reason why a woman should be paid less than a man for the same work.

WOMEN'S interest in this election should be acute, personal, and conclusive.

Never before have so many women felt the impact of war, and, therefore, of the great national and international problems that belong to war. Never before have so many women been drawn into industry

and the great problems that surround it. It is impossible to-day to accept any artificial division of national and world problems, to say this is a woman's problem and that is a man's. Together men and women must win this global war. Together they must plan for a global peace.

What aspects of national life should women study before making up their minds on the important question of how to vote?

THEY should study the efficiency of their political machine, and ask themselves whether a Government consisting of hostile political elements could produce the cohesion necessary for concentration on the work of winning the war.

A Government made up of every political party would have the same difficulty in producing results as would a newspaper whose editorial board consisted of the editors of all the daily newspapers.

Every country in the world, including

Australia, has one Army. That Army is divided into various forces which have special duties, such as those of garrison, amphibious, and expeditionary troops.

We have one Army, and each man in his place plays his part.

And one military Army would not be able to do its work if there were not behind it a soundly shaped industrial and primary-producing army of men and women, which in its turn has many divisions.

IN particular, the questions of one United Government and one united Army. War demands the heaviest sacrifices of women. It is these sacrifices that entitle them to demand the strongest and most efficient Government available, so that the war may be ended as speedily as possible.

This cannot mean a Government from which some of the ablest men of Parliament are excluded. In the United Kingdom they use all their best brains by having a united all-party Government.

Women also have won the right to demand one Army which can fight anywhere to bring this war to an end. It is not pleasant to contemplate the disunity, the sneering remarks, the misunderstandings, the jealousies, which may very well disfigure the future of Australia if Australia's soldiers, all of whom are of the same stock, and all of whom have true fighting capacity, are permitted to remain in two watertight compartments throughout the war.

What about those special problems on the domestic front: rationing and rising prices, which disturb every housewife?

THE special problem of woman in the home is to see that its highest traditions are maintained. The home is very much more than a place to eat and sleep in, like a lodging-house. The success of a home is to be judged on its atmosphere, not on an economic basis. This task is particularly hard just now.

Woman, who is the treasurer of the house, knows more about budgets than most politicians. Her chief problem in the past has been the periodic cessation of the home income, and the exceptional demands made on it by sickness.

I look forward to better security for the home by national planning, to make work available for everybody who wants it, and to organise medical services so that sickness will be the responsibility of all the

nation, and not merely of the sick. We shall then have the public health services in the same way as we have public services to guard against fire risks.

Unemployment and sickness cost Australia far more than fires or business losses, and the risk is too great for the individual to bear.

Therefore, it should be shared by the whole of the community and not by any one section such as industry alone.

Shortages of labor and commodities are the price we pay for freedom.

I am proud to know that the women of Australia understand this, and they have co-operated in a manner probably unexcelled in the world.

WOMEN in the home, who have to manage on a budget and to know how much butter goes to the loaf, and what butter costs when they can buy it, have a supreme interest in the stability of the currency. They want to know that the household savings will be worth as much in three years' time as they are now; that the nest-egg at the savings bank, or the insurance policy kept up with some sacrifice, will be worth real money in the future.

Women, therefore, should be the natural enemies of inflationary finance. They should realise that such things as compulsory borrowing are in the best interests of the wage and salary earners of Australia.

They will be interested in this election because they know that if they take the

easy course the alarming drift in Australia's finance and the steady rise in the cost of living, will go on.

Rationing is, of course, necessary in wartime, when civil goods are short, and is the only real way of seeing that everyone gets a fair share. But this does not protect a Government against its responsibility for stupid administration, absurdities, and injustices.

Rationing committees should include practical housewives. A young woman who is actively engaged in the upbringing of three or four children is an excellent person to put on a rationing committee. It does not matter what social standing she may have or what committees she may be on. It is the experience she has had in her own home which counts.

Do you agree that rural women are having a specially hard time?

COUNTRY women in Australia have always had a hard time. They have always had deprivations which have been unjust.

The country woman should be assured of a proper water supply, one room at least which is air-conditioned, cheap elec-

trical power, telephone, and refrigeration.

There is no manpower muddle at present. The truth is that the supreme problem of the country is realising the Japs. We have to balance the resources of the community, so as to be confident of our ability to withstand the enemy.

FARMERS' wives and daughters and women of the Land Army know better than most people of the effects of the manpower muddle upon rural industries.

It is agreeable to know that the Minister for the Army is able to boast of the numerical strength of the Military Forces, but it

would be more agreeable still to be able to believe that a balanced view had been taken of the needs of the Services, of munitions, of production and of distribution, so that we could feel that the food front and our export obligations to Great Britain had been properly considered and justly treated.

How do you think the great transplantation of women into industry and the Services has affected their outlook on all these problems?

THE work women are doing in the Services and industries will benefit them. The number so engaged is proof of their valour and patriotism.

They have greater endurance than men. Their patriotism lasts longer, they pay

an exceedingly heavy toll. Their capacity to make sacrifices for a cause is, I believe, greater than man's. At this stage, with sound practical common sense, all they are asking is to win the war first, and settle minor problems later.

ALL to the good. What a grand job women are doing in all these ways! For many the experience is hard and the results all the more creditable. Having to face up to new work and new responsibilities will give them a more realistic approach to public questions.

They will have no time for the sentimental, emotional approach to political problems of which they have had practical experience.

What are women entitled to expect in the post-war world?

IN the post-war world women are entitled to a state of affairs in which economic deprivation has ceased to be a factor in determining their way of life. Mr. Curtin elaborates on this aspect of marriage and economic pressure in the next question.

—Ed.

I believe there should be an Australian standard of education, not separate State standards as at present exist.

Money for sickness, unemployment benefits, education, and such services should be derived from the whole of the taxable resources of the country.

Some struggling industries could not afford sufficient provision for their own employees.

If an industry collapses its employees are thrown out of work.

Other greater and more thriving industries must help to make provision for the employees of the weaker ones.

A national insurance plan should not be based on what employees earn.

Social rights to education, employment, sickness benefits, and health schemes are derived from a man's citizenship, not merely from the kind of work he does.

Money should be made available from taxes generally, and should not come only from industrial groups, who, because they are industrial groups, are making a contribution to these services.

AS a minimum, they should be freed of the worries of unemployment and ill-health. This should be effected by national insurance. They should also feel their children will have every chance of a proper education.

Education is the first post-war problem.

Adult education has been much neglected in the past. It must be assured that each man will definitely have a part of his working time set aside for educational purposes. Industry will have to take the burden of this.

The average boy of 14 wants to leave school, but the average boy of 18 wants to learn more. This is a reflection on the schools. The status of school teachers must be raised and the pay must also be raised.

The brightest minds must be attracted to the teaching profession.

Twice as much money as we now allot to it will be needed to make it possible for girls and boys to develop their minds. The Commonwealth will have to come to the assistance of the States in helping to raise this money, which will probably be as much as £12,000,000 a year. This can be raised by direct or indirect taxation.

Women are also entitled to decent conditions in which to raise a family, and special consideration should be given in the post-war world to country women.

The general living conditions of the country housewife should be improved, and she should be provided with such conveniences as water supply, electric power, sewerage, and refrigeration.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

Record number of women election candidates



MISS CONSTANCE DUNCAN
Independent candidate for Balclutha.



MRS. RUTH RAVENSCROFT
Independent candidate for Fawkner.



MISS ISABELLA STENNING
Independent candidate for Martin.



MRS. VERA CARR
Independent candidate for the Senate.



MRS. GWENDOLYN NOAD
Independent candidate for Kooyong.



LADY BROOKES
Women's Party candidate for Flinders.



MRS. JESSIE STREET
Endorsed A.L.P. candidate for Wentworth.



MRS. CLAUDE COUCHMAN
Endorsed U.A.P. candidate for Melbourne.

Housewives, welfare workers, a teacher, a nurse, as Canberra aspirants

Twenty-two women, a record number, have nominated as candidates for the forthcoming Federal elections.

The majority of them are campaigning as Independent candidates. Only four have been endorsed by the Labor and U.A.P. parties.

THERE has never been a woman member in the Federal House nor in the Senate. Five have, at various times, been State members.

Dame Enid Lyons, wife of the former Prime Minister, the late J. A. Lyons, will stand as a U.A.P. candidate for the Tasmanian seat of Darwin.

"National Government is my main plank," she said. In her campaign she will stress the importance of family life.

Dame Enid is known throughout Australia as a public speaker and broadcaster.

As the mother of a family of eleven children she combined a strenuous public life with family duties.

Mrs. Clarence Weber resigned her seat in the Victorian Legislative Assembly to stand as an Independent for Henty.

She will fight for a National Government, a national free education system, a progressive health scheme, equal pay for men and women.

Mrs. Jessie Street, B.A., one of Australia's leading feminists, is the endorsed A.L.P. candidate for Wentworth, N.S.W.

She has run a model dairy farm on the North Coast, has worked in women's organisations for many years, and in a munitions factory to study working conditions for women.

Mrs. Eleanor Gienowes will stand as an Independent National Government candidate for Martin.

Her twelve points of campaign policy include formation of a National Government, watching the interests of servicemen and service-women, end Parliament, elimination of rationing anomalies.

Mrs. Claude Couchman, O.B.E., is endorsed U.A.P. candidate for Melbourne. For 10 years she was the only woman member of the Australian Broadcasting Commission. She is a B.A. and graduated in Political Science.

Miss Constance Duncan stands as Liberal and Progressive Independent candidate for Balclutha, in Victoria.

As secretary of the Y.W.C.A. she spent 10 years in Japan, and visited China, Malaya, United States, and the Philippines.

Miss Isabella Stenning will stand as an Independent candidate for Martin, in N.S.W.

Miss Stenning believes in the greater development of rural areas and decentralisation of industry.

Lady Brookes is the Women's Party candidate for the Victorian electorate of Flinders.

In the last war she represented the Australian Red Cross Commission in Egypt. She is now a member of the Central Council of the Australian Red Cross.

Mrs. Gwendolyn Noad, Independent candidate for Kooyong, is Statistical Intelligence Officer for the State Employment Division of the Man Power Department.

Mrs. Maurice Hardy, housewife, is an Independent candidate for the Senate.

Mrs. Vera Carr, Independent candidate in Victoria for the Senate, is proprietress of a flats' service kiosk.

Mrs. Helen Maxwell, Independent candidate for Balclutha, has been an estate agent and auctioneer at Elwood, Vic., for 20 years.

Mrs. Ruth Ravenscroft is an Independent candidate for Fawkner. She is wife of a foreman baker and was a Salvation Army officer.

Mrs. J. W. C. Beveridge, of Billa-



DAME ENID LYONS
Endorsed U.A.P. candidate for Tasmanian seat of Darwin.

bong, Gundagai, N.S.W., is standing as an Independent for the Senate because she does not believe in party politics.

She is well known in N.S.W. for her work with the Country Women's Association.

Miss Dorothy Tangney will stand for the Senate as a Labor candidate in West Australia. She is a school-teacher, and has made a study of finance, currency, trade and labor conditions.

Mrs. Pauline Budge is a candidate for Parkes, N.S.W., for the Australian Women's Party.

Mrs. J. J. C. Sullivan, of Bathurst, has nominated as an Independent United Country Party candidate for Macquarie.

Mrs. Dorothea Foster, a nurse, will stand as an Independent for Perth.

Miss Malinda Ivey will contest the West Sydney seat as an Independent.

Mrs. Christina Debney, standing as Independent for Batman.

Edith Cook, nominated as Independent for the Senate in N.S.W.

Mrs. E. M. Brushfield is an Independent candidate for Corangamite, Vic.

Responsibility for election matter in this issue taken by K. Wilkinson, 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



MRS. CLARENCE WEBER
Independent candidate for Henty.



MRS. J. W. C. BEVERIDGE
Independent candidate in N.S.W. for the Senate.

JOHN CURTIN

(Continued from page 9)

Why this Election is vital to women

ROBERT MENZIES

(Continued from page 9)

After the war will women from Services and industry resume home life and the pre-war monotony of poor pay and dull jobs?

I BELIEVE that in this country where there is no great numerical disparity in the sexes, most women will ultimately be absorbed in the home. There will be a transition period when wages and working conditions will have to be protected.

While I agree that the natural urge for motherhood, husband, and home is the great motivating force in a woman's life, I see no reason at all why women should

accept marriage as a method of breadwinning. A woman should be just as free to choose a husband as a man is. She can't be free unless she gets adequate wages.

If a girl feels that if she doesn't marry she may have to continue in poorly paid work, she may substitute economic conditions for the natural promptings of love.

This kind of marriage just does not work out.

MANY will go back to their domestic life. Industrial opportunities will be increased after the war.

There will be a far greater percentage of women in industry than in pre-war days, which will give rise to new problems.

The basis of payment will be affected. Distinction will have to be made between the family with 10 children and the family with two children. This has already begun

with Child Endowment. The present method of fixing the basic wage takes into account the family responsibilities of a man. It takes for granted that it is only in exceptional cases that a woman has to support a family.

It is probable that, after the war, payment will be on the basis of work done by the individual, with special provisions for wives and children.

Do you believe women should enter Parliament - - - ?

I THINK women should enter Parliament, in the same way as men do, as citizens and not on the basis of sex. There is no sex in brains. Women, because of their understanding of the special problems of women and chil-

dren, should fit themselves, if they are so inclined, to take part in public life.

Then they should seek election because of these qualifications they have earnestly acquired.

YES, but I don't believe a woman should seek election because she is a woman. To beat a man she must be the better man of the two.

I would like to see more women in municipal life. Municipal problems are an ex-

tension of domestic problems and they also provide a good training for wider public affairs.

Women without background and training cannot be expected to handle the complex problems of government.

Would you nominate any women to sit at the peace table - - - ?

FEW if any women are holding offices that entitle them to go to the peace table. Nobody is selected as a delegate to a peace conference in his own right, but in a repre-

sentative capacity. I think every national delegation should have in its group of advisers such women as have the necessary qualifications.

WOMEN should certainly have a place at the peace table. It would be a great mistake if they were not represented. Many women are interested in inter-

national problems and are conscious of the necessity for a good peace. An outstanding woman I would like to see help make the peace is Mme. Chiang Kai-shek.



VINIA, COMTESSE DE VILME-HAUTMONT, with two of her dogs. She wrote the book, "One Dog To Another," from which a 2GB feature has been adapted.

Dog story as radio serial

2GB feature

Dog-lovers will enjoy the new radio serial, "One Dog to Another," which is broadcast from 2GB every Thursday at 11.20 a.m. The session has been adapted from the book of the same name by Vinia, Comtesse de Vilme-Hautmont.

THE story concerns the Comtesse's own dogs, and other people's dogs.

"Many people have written letters to me, from their dog to my dog," says the Comtesse.

"These letters depict the dogs' thoughts as the owners imagine them."

"I believe that people who really

Held-over features

JUNE MARSDEN'S astro-logical diary, "As I Read the Stars," will resume publication next week. It will appear on Page 13.

"Letters from Our Boys," temporarily suspended owing to pressure on space, will be resumed very shortly. So keep on sending in your letters.

love their dogs understand their mentality."

In the opening session last week Judith Young, 2GB announcer, interviewed the Comtesse, who is well known on the stage as Vinia de Lotlie.

She is best known in connection with Gilbert and Sullivan opera, both on the stage and by her book dealing with Gilbert and Sullivan opera in Australia from 1879 to 1937.

She has played in every opera except Ruddigore, and has toured in J. C. Williamson musical comedies. She also played Dolores in "Florodora" and Fifi in "The Belle of New York."

The Comtesse has her title in her own right, for it is one which is passed on through the female line. Her grandmother was a plagnate of Queen Victoria.

Married to Howard Vernon, the actor, she travelled extensively with him in their own company.

Later she was a hostess for an Australian Travel Bureau in Europe.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, August 11: Reg. Ed-wards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, August 12: From 4.30 to 4.45: Goodie Reeve presents "All These in Favour."

FRIDAY, August 13: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody.

SATURDAY, August 14: Goodie Reeve presents Radio Competition "Melody Four-square."

SUNDAY, August 15 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

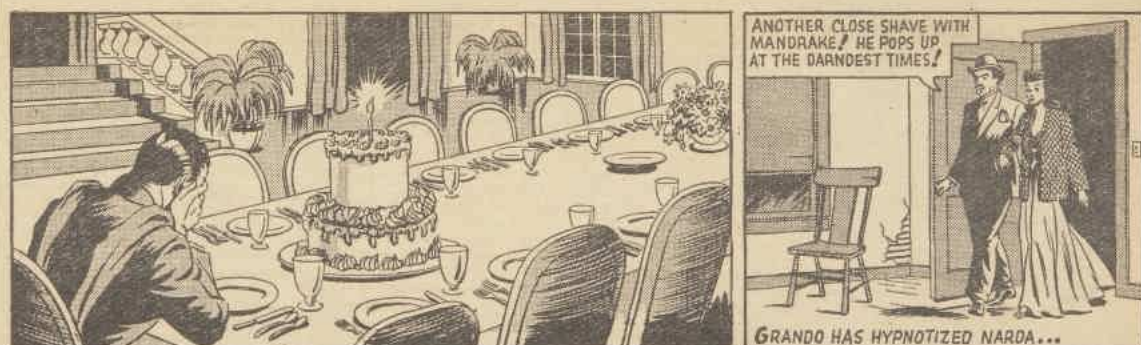
MONDAY, August 16: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, August 17: Musical Al-phabet.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Magician, and LOTHAR: His Nubian servant, are helping PRINCESS NARDA: Of Cockaigne, accused of stealing money at a charity bazaar, also Teller Smith, accused of a bank theft. Mandrake is sure that the thief is his ex-assistant, Grando, who hypnotised them and took the money. He is now trying to prove Grando's guilt before the trial.

Grando knows that Narda and Teller Smith are the only ones who can identify him, so he determines to kill them. On the night of Narda's birthday party, which Mandrake is giving, Grando takes her away under hypnotic influence. As she drives away in his car they are seen by Mandrake, who immediately follows them. NOW READ ON:



TO BE CONTINUED

R.A.A.F. BOYS MAN THIS LONELY NOR'-WEST



PUTTING THE SHOT, but this time the "shot" is a fowl's feather. L.a.c. D. Casey competing at a sports evening at a lonely R.A.A.F. outpost.

They welcomed Press visitors with uproarious concert and quiz

Story by BILL MOORE

Photographs by The Australian Women's Weekly Photographer, JACK HICKSON
Somewhere in Australia

In an isolated but beautiful part of north-west Australia, hundreds of miles from civilisation, "outpost" members of the R.A.A.F. roared themselves hoarse the other night at a community concert and quiz contest.

Their small tin mess hut, lit by hurricane lamps and good humor, positively rocked for two hours. It was a big night for the boys, for they were entertaining visitors for the first time in months.



FIELD PROMOTION for mess-boy: "Maurice" receiving two four-and-water stripes from L.a.c. J. A. Bengier, of Melbourne.

WE four visitors—Padre Ridgway, from Ascot Vale (Vic.), war photographers Jack Hickson and Harold Dick, and myself—prompted the "evening."

The studio of scrubbed mess tables and stools had as much atmosphere for these lads as the best city halls or theatres.

Padre Ridgway immediately set the boys in a good humor when he announced that the prizes for the quiz contest would be one cigarette or a box of matches.

Such austerity—but, then, these boys had just come through a fortnight without cigarettes, and one real cigarette is better than a dozen



CANOEING is a favorite recreation. L.a.c. Fury, of Rockhampton (Qld.), L.a.c. Green, of Inverell (N.S.W.), L.a.c. L'Huilier, L.a.c. Kiernan, of Randwick (N.S.W.), L.a.c. Place, and L.a.c. Bennell launching a canoe to which they have attached an outrigger.

of tea-leaf tobacco. So the boys competed for them as if they were gold cups.

"Who was Jezebel?" asked the padre.

A dozen hands shot up at once, and the padre found it hard to pick the first.

"No; Jezebel was not a Brisbane Cup winner," he said, amid the roars of the quizzers.

He got his best answers to questions on the Middle East.

A fair sprinkling of his audience had served overseas. But the audience turned the tables on the padre. He told them a tall story, and the voices yelled, "Take the whole packet of cigarettes, padre!"

Boxing broadcast

THEN the concert started. There was no orchestra—not even a piano—but those lads sang as heartily as if they had the combined services of the Metropolitan Grand Opera House Orchestra and Artie Shaw's band.

I felt an odd tingle up my spine. It was somehow strange to see these boys thousands of miles from home engaged on the grim business of war, yet just for to-night without a care.

Then somebody shouted, "Come on, Maxie, give us your broadcast."

Up jumped snow-haired L.a.c. Maxie Patterson, of Charlestown, near Newcastle.

He acknowledged the cheers of the boys by wagging his clasped hands

above his head in the manner of a prizefighter taking his fans' applause. Maxie said he would imitate a well-known sports broadcaster at Leichhardt Stadium, Sydney.

Maxie said: "The fight to-night, folks, is ten rounds of contest between Malcolin ('Basher') Brookesby, that well-known welterweight from Horsham, Victoria, and an equally fine fighter, L.a.c. Allan Ryles, of Adelaide."

There were cheers, whistles, boos, handclaps giving a real stadium atmosphere. While Brookesby and Ryles laughed heartily Maxie began his staccato "broadcast" of the fight.

He rattled on at umpteenth words to a minute, while fight patrons yelled, "Come on, Basher! Give it to him boy. Sock him, Allan!"

But Maxie went on till someone hit the edge of a plate with a knife.

"There's the end of round one, folks," said Maxie, and "fight" patrons, playing their part, argued about the fighters' merits, as fight fans will.

Meantime Maxie said something about this being a champion broadcast. And so it went on till Maxie, out of breath, "crowned" the winner.

During that "broadcast" you could have closed your eyes and really believed you were at the Stadium.

Then the padre invited competitors for a standing broad jump. Five of the audience lined up.

"I am sorry, chaps, but I don't think there's room for a standing broad jump here," he said. "But will you enter for the standing broad grin?"



IMPROMPTU CONCERT brings joy to Charlestown, near Newcastle, light of Adelaide, playing a mouth-organ, of Sheffield (Qld.).

Competitors said they didn't mind losing. But there were protests when someone caught L.a.c. Bracken taking out his false teeth.

"I cannot grin well with no teeth," Bracken muttered.

In a few minutes everyone, including the competitors, was convulsed with laughter as the lads stretched their mouths in an effort to win.

And all this for one cigarette. The audience reckoned "Basher" The Brookesby had an ear-to-ear grin and they gave him the prize.

Allan Ryles and Corporal Charles McCoy, from Sheffield (Tas.), gave a song and mouth-organ item which Maxie Patterson held up the hurricane lamp.

Then followed one of the highlights of the evening, when the padre called for volunteers to sing the national anthem of Siam.

"Words go like this," he said, "Wa Tan As I am."

What an ass!

UNSUSPECTINGLY, L.a.c. Jack ("Jumbo") James, of Sydney, and L.a.c. Alf Place, of Brisbane, stepped forward.

"Prize goes to the loudest singer," said the padre.

As "Jumbo" started singing he realised that he had been tricked. Amid yells, cheers, and laughter "Jumbo" bravely carried on with "Oh, what an ass I am."

Not to be outdone, Alf Place followed. We laughed till our sides ached.

At the end they called it a dead heat.

The audience then decided that the guest artists—otherwise, us—would have to do something.

Jack Hickson got sulky and wouldn't sing without a mouth-organ accompaniment. But Jack has a good voice even with a mouth-organ accompaniment.

I told a yarn about "Flying Doctor" Fenton; Harold Dick told of some of his newspaper experiences. The padre told a story.

Finally, they made the Commanding Officer, formerly of the Solo-



WORKING PARTY. R.A.A.F. personnel of various musterings combine to do emergency repair work on landing strips. Here some of the boys are loading a truck with the assistance of a "Chinaman," otherwise a truck-loader.



PLAIN SAILING. L.a.c. Place (in the bow), L.a.c. R. W. Kiernan, and L.a.c. "Bluey" L'Huilier find this a good way to fill in the long, lonely days.



GIFTS FOR HOME. A.c.1 Mervyn Bourke threading colored wild berries on to necklaces. It's another way of filling in odd hours.

ST OUTPOST



L.A.C. Mar Patterson, of the performers, L.A.C. Allan Ryles, of the, and Corporal Charlie McCoy, of (Tennant), sings.

...s Islands, sing a song. We all sing the National Anthem and adjourned for supper of coffee, army biscuits, margarine and jam.

There were scores of fellows who went to bed that night with a smile. Charlie McCoy said to me: "Little things like this make life worth living for these boys. Just seeing you fellows here is a treat."

The next evening a sports programme was organised for the lads. The most humorous event was putting the shot, the shot being a fowl's father. The winner received a stick of chewing-gum.



PRINCELY SALUTE. An officer takes the salute from the three-year-old son of the aboriginal king of the area. The youngster drills with the boys, and has learnt to march in true Atr Force fashion. They make a great fuss of him and all the other piccaninnies.



SUPPLIES are always a welcome arrival. Peter Burns, of Guildford (W.A.), supervises aborigines unloading flour.



NATIVE CUSTOM. L.A.C. J. James, of Manly (N.S.W.), is "honored" by aborigine, "Edward," who is fitting to his arm a "bandi," which will double its strength.



CAMP BARBER AT WORK. "Edward" does a neat trim for L.A.C. Patterson. The white men and the natives of this area are firm friends, the natives doing an important share of the jobs of the outpost.

Continuing . . . Lady in Hazard

from page 7

"So you gave it to this Mr. Rice," said Sheila, indignantly. "Without asking me! Really, Mrs. Shasters—supposing it hadn't been sealed!"

"I took the liberty of looking, Miss Heydon. Oh, I wouldn't have sent it away unsealed or unstamped. But I see I've offended you. I'm dreadfully sorry. But Mr. Rice is very reliable, and if a letter's important—"

"My letter wasn't at all important," said Sheila. "And I haven't any doubt that this Mr. Rice will post it all right. But that isn't the point. I would so much rather handle my own letters."

Cascading apologies and regrets, Mrs. Shasters assured Sheila that torture wouldn't force her to repeat the offence. She was so object that Sheila was glad to escape and take her seat at the table.

"What has Mr. Shasters been up to?" inquired Cunningham.

She explained. Mr. Falway looked incredulous.

"That's not good enough," he said. "I understand that Rice is perfectly dependable, but that woman takes too much on herself."

Just after Monday morning's breakfast the telegram arrived. Breathless, but beaming, Mrs. Shasters pursued Sheila along the corridor waving a slip of paper as though it had been a banner.

"Miss Heydon! From your sister! A telegram! I just took it down over the phone."

Not until then did Sheila fully realise the strain of the week-end. Almost snatching the sheet from Mrs. Shasters, she read it, frowning in puzzlement.

"But I don't understand. Where is this Meringbah, exactly?"

"About thirty miles away. Your sister would pass through it on the way from Sydney."

"I still don't quite see—"

"Well, I took it down exactly as the postmistress at Benton gave it to me, you know, and I read it over to her afterwards. I'm always very careful that way. They'll

send the actual telegram on with the next mail."

"And when will that be?"

"On Wednesday, unless someone goes into Benton before then. There used to be someone going in every day, but now with my husband—"

"Quite," said Sheila, trying to haul Mrs. Shasters out before the unfortunate woman bogged in a morass of dither. "When was this telegram sent?"

Mrs. Shasters took the slip, handing it gingerly. "Let me see. Oh, yes. Meringbah. Five-five p.m."

"Yes, but what day?"

"Why, yesterday. No, silly of me. Saturday, of course."

"But if it were sent on Saturday, why didn't I get it until now?"

"Why, you see, it would be so late. They'd have to send it to Sydney. I expect, and Sydney would send it to Benton. And then Benton has to phone it on here."

"And, of course, they couldn't do that yesterday," said Sheila, shortly. "And they couldn't tell me there was a telegram when I was talking to the wretched postmaster there."

"But he isn't the postmaster, dear. That was only Mr. Lake, the postmistress' husband. He wouldn't know there was a telegram for you. And it mightn't even have reached there till just now."

Sheila sighed. Discussing anything with Mrs. Shasters was like trying to extricate oneself from a packet of flypapers.

"Oh, all right," she said, dully. "Thank you very much, Mrs. Shasters. I suppose this means I'd better stick around here until my sister comes."

Clutching the sheet of paper which enshrined Mrs. Shasters' angular writing, she wandered off along the corridor. She was intensely relieved, but her relief was tempered with exasperation. What sort of trick was this, she thought, for Margaret to play? At a turn in the corridor she encountered Cunningham.

"Hullo," he said. "Not bad news, I hope?"

She shook her head. "No, I should be pleased to get it at all, I suppose, but really . . . Here, read it yourself."

He took the scried, and read it slowly. "Sorry over delay darling met old friend here held up a few days explain later with you soon love Margaret."

"Where's here?" he asked.

"Meringbah, apparently."

"And where's that?"

Sheila handed on Mrs. Shasters' explanation of the telegram's adventures. Cunningham looked indignant and incredulous.

"You mean to say that your sister got within thirty miles of here and then sidetracked on account of an old friend? After telling you she was going to meet you and all the rest of it?"

"Margaret is naturally casual. You don't know her."

"I'm getting a very fair idea of her," said Cunningham, curtly. "But I'm afraid my opinion won't interest you."

"Not in the least," Sheila flushed. Angry though she was with Margaret, she would not discuss her behaviour with anyone else. Yet she felt impelled to put up some sort of defence, weak though it sounded in her own ears.

"You picture her selfish and thoughtless. She's much more than that. But being impulsive—"

"I used to know a man who went around looking for fight," said Cunningham dryly. "He claimed he was only impulsive. At last he met someone even more impulsive. That cooled him off a lot."

"Margaret has wandered round on her own so long she's grown used to casual people and casual ways," Sheila continued. "If she'd been in my place she wouldn't have worried, so she just naturally didn't imagine I'd worry, either."

"So leaves you in the lurch for a few days and doesn't even let you know her address. Personally—"

He broke off, realising that this nonchalant acceptance of an obviously selfish girl's thoughtless whim was just a brave pose. Beneath it Sheila was hurt and indignant. But she wasn't going to tell the world.

"By the way," he said, changing the subject abruptly. "I have a message from Fielding. A policeman is coming out from Benton to look into that business last night. He wants us to stick around in case we're wanted."

Late in the morning the police sergeant from Benton arrived with his assistant in a utility truck driven by a pessimistic and bewhiskered local identity, who was not only an undertaker and a carpenter, but also, astonishingly enough, a justice of the peace.

The J.P. stood sucking his pipe and yarning to Fielding while the sergeant and his subordinate scrambled down into the ravine where the old sailor's body had been found, and measured the drop with a length of fishing line.

"Seventy-seven feet, four inches," the sergeant announced, his calculations complete. "No wonder the old boy was killed. Almost looks as though he'd walked straight over the edge," he added, peering down. "You can see the scrapes of his boots for a foot or two, and there's a bit torn out of a bush where he went through. Just as well he was too drunk to know what he was doing."

"I didn't reckon old Joe could get that drunk and still be able to walk," said the J.P. "He'd generally get a bit cantankerous and sleep it off. Whenever he came up before me I generally let him off as light as I could. I'm glad now. He'd sooner be on my conscience if I hadn't."

The sergeant held an informal inquiry in the vestibule of Red Shutters. Mrs. Fielding emerged from her seclusion for the occasion. She was a tall, angular woman, with a grey, expressionless face, and a look—doubtless entirely justified—of being thoroughly overworked.

While the sergeant wrote laboriously at his report, with much biting of the penholder and hanging the nib into the inkwell, she corroborated her husband's statement that the dead man had been in the habit of going on periodical drinking bouts, adding in low, nervous tones that during the last few days he had shown the restlessness which usually preceded his jamborees.

At last all the statements were

taken, signed, and witnessed by the J.P. Greatly to the relief of the Red Shutters' guests, the sergeant declared that there would be no need for any of them to be present at the inquest, where their declarations could be put in as evidence.

"We'll need you, though, Mr. Fielding," he added. "It'll probably be on Wednesday afternoon."

Fielding, coming in from seeing the truck off, looked troubled. "This business has shaken the wife and me up a lot," he said. "We looked on old Joe as part of the furniture. I hated having to tell the sergeant he'd pinched that bottle of brandy. It seemed sort of playing it low down on the old man after he was dead. I feel responsible, too, for leaving it where he could get it."

"It wasn't your fault," said Sheila, sympathetically. "Just bad luck."

"I know. But it's the way I'm built." He grinned sheepishly. "The fatter the man the bigger the conscience."

Lorice was alone in the music-room.

She played subconsciously, her thoughts infinitely remote, so that she did not hear the door open and close again, nor realise that he was in the room until a shadow fell across the keyboard, and she turned to see Squadron-Leader Desmond standing beside the piano, looking down at her.

The waltz ended on an abrupt discord. "Keep going," said the airman quietly. "I like that. The classics have something, after all. But this is an early-Victorian occupation for a fine afternoon, isn't it?"

"Why did you come back?" Desmond moved from between her and the window so that sunlight fell on her again, turning her hair to an aureole of bright gold. "Why did you, Gerald?"

"As to that, I suppose I could be funny and say it's a free country, or some such rot. But that sort of humor doesn't appeal to me, Lorice. I'm going away on a job of work, and I just had time to make a detour here. I thought I'd better come, for both our sakes."

"But what was the use?" "That's just what I want to find out." He looked down at her, his eyes searching hers. "I don't believe in digging up the past, but I still think you were holding out on me on Saturday night. Don't ask me why. Perhaps you don't quite realise that this isn't a game with me, Lorice."

HER hands fell from the keyboard. She turned around, looking at his strong, grave face.

"I feel ashamed, Gerald . . . please, don't make me feel that way. . . . Oh, why did you come back?" "You knew I couldn't let it rest at that."

"You must."

"I never found you difficult to understand before," he said reflectively. "I thought you were as direct as I am. And I still believe you love me. You're a good actress, Lorice, but there's one part you can't play well enough to deceive me. Isn't that right?"

She made no reply. He came round, taking her hands in his. "Isn't that right? Look at me, Lorice!"

For a moment she was silent. Then she rose, snatching her hands away. "You say you can take it with the next man, Gerald. Well, take this. I can't help it. You're forcing it from me."

"Go on," he said. "Let's have it, once and for all."

Her face went white. "Why should you be the sort of man you are, and I the girl I am? So that I must despise myself whenever I think of you! Why must you be so decent, Gerald?"

"I think you're talking a lot of nonsense," said the airman, reasonably. "This sort of outburst isn't like you, Lorice. Honestly, I can't make you out."

"It's easy enough. You never knew me. Or you would have realised that I was only fooling. You said it wasn't a game with you. That's what makes it so hard, because it was a game with me, and now I can't go on playing any longer."

"When did you find this out?"

"I knew it all along. I should have told you at the start. Oh, yes, you attracted me—you'd attract any girl, that's the trouble."

"You mean," he said, "it was just the—well, the uniform, and

Animal Antics



"Well, George, how's tricks?"

all that? I'd hate to think I was just a walking uniform."

"That's not it, either. Don't distort what I'm trying to say. It's hard enough as it is. But I was flattered to have you round, and so I let it go on. Now, do you see? I didn't love you. I couldn't. You're not the sort of man . . ."

"It was a good act, Lorice."

"It was a rotten act—a low-down, horrible act. That's why I didn't want to meet you again. Do you think I like seeing myself as you must see me?"

"You couldn't do that," he said. "What you don't quite realise is that I love you. That means a lot with me. I wasn't putting on an act, Lorice. I built up all sorts of things around you."

"I know. That's what makes me feel so dreadful. But it's no good. I'm tired of fooling myself, and I won't fool you any longer."

Desmond walked to the window. He stood looking out over the green stretch of the valley towards the rolling foothills.

"I came over intending to ask you to marry me at once," he said at last. "I suppose it's no use bringing that up now."

She shook her head.

"For a moment his patience snapped. 'It's all so pitifully crazy. You and I could have knocked along very nicely together, I think.'"

"Don't."

"It's all right. I'm not going down on my knees or anything like that. Don't be alarmed."

"You'll forgive me?"

"Good Lord, why bring that up? This is not Governor Phillip's time."

"If we'd met under ordinary conditions—"

"No post mortems," said the airman, briskly. "If this is final let it be final. Does your uncle know anything of this?"

"Nothing," unless he's guessed. Why?"

"I was going to suggest that if we should both be in Sydney at the same time, and he thinks of asking me to the house again, that you persuade him not to. I'd rather not refuse directly, but going there again, would be one of the things I'd rather not face."

"I shall." She averted her head so that he should not see the misery in her eyes.

He strode down the stairs, to be hailed as he passed through the vestibule by an astonished Mrs. Shasters, who was picking away with one finger at the ancient typewriter in the office.

"Why, Squadron-Leader Desmond!"

He waved a hand, and then paused.

"Do you know if Mr. Cunningham's about?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I could look."

"No matter," said Desmond. "You might give him my compliments and tell him I'll be seeing him again some time. Good-bye."

From the music-room window Lorice Falway watched the roadster turn into the Benton road and slide away out of sight. She went back to the piano, but the sky was clouding, and the golden notes no longer danced in the sunbeams.

To be continued

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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Fashion PATTERNS

F2194

F2302

F2194.—New Yorker style form-fitting two-piece. 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 3½ yds. and 1 yd. contrast. 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2302.—Chic embroidered frock for special occasions wear. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 3½ yds., 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2300.—Your figure will look slimmer than you ever thought possible in this cleverly designed frock. Sizes 32 to 44-inch bust. Requires 4 yds. and 1 yd. contrast. 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2303.—New-style spotted blouse. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 1½ yds., 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F2303

SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Pattern available for one month from date of issue.

THREE ULTRA-SMART SKIRTS.

To fit 36, 38, and 40-inch hip measurements.

No. 1.—Material required, 2 yds., 36 ins. wide.

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No. 3.—Material required, 2½ yds., 36 ins. wide.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

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A VAILABLE for one month from date of issue; 5d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed.

Send your order to "Pattern Department" to the address in your State, as under:
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Box 491D, G.P.O., Perth. Box 428W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 408P, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
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Needlework Notions

DAINTY APRON

IT comes to you in shades of lemon, green, pink, blue, and white, with the pattern clearly traced on a cotton material named linette, and features a pretty embroidery motif stamped ready for working.

The edge is finished with lace (which is not supplied). It could be

bound with a contrast color or just hemmed and finished with dainty feather-stitching. One small pocket is placed on the skirt, and shoulder-strap and waist-tie finish the apron.

Price 3/11, plus 2 coupons and 2d. postage. Please ask for No. 379.

READY-TO-MAKE FROCK IN COTTON LINETTE

THIS smart design (No. 381, illustrated below) is traced clearly on linette in shades of pink, blue, lemon, green, coffee, also white, with a contrast collar and cuffs in white.

The sleeves are puffed, the front panelled and embroidered, and the skirt is slightly flared.

Sizes 1 to 2 years, 3/3 (4 coupons); 2 to 4 years, 3/11 (4 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 4/9 (4 coupons). Postage 3d. extra.

CHILD'S "BOILER-SUIT"

SUITABLE for either girl or boy, the pattern of this suit is traced clearly on linette in shades of lemon, green, pink, blue, coffee; also white. It is a hard-wearing cotton material. Note that it is a ready-to-make.

Sizes 1 to 2 years, 5/11 (4 coupons); 2 to 4 years, 6/11 (4 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 7/6 (4 coupons). Plus 4d. postage.

Please ask for No. 383.

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"POLLY" charming frock in heavy, flat crepe or staple fibre.

PLAIN, slim, and trimly tailored is the "POLLY" frock designed for every occasion. The design shows a plain, fitting bodice with tucked shoulders, leading fullness over the bust, shaped waistline, and stitched, unpressed pleats falling at the front panel. The back of the skirt is perfectly plain and straight. The sleeves are long and slim, and the material has the necessary weight to make this a perfect in-between seasons outfit.

Shades in flat crepe: Argentine-blue, moonlight-grey, cattleya-pink, olympic-blue, navy, wine, and black.

Staple Fibre: A lightweight rayon wool mixture, comes in grey, ink-blue, light navy, rust, burgundy and pale blue. Also ideal for early spring wear.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34 ins. bust, 37/8 (13 coupons), 36, 38, and 40 ins. bust, 50/11 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/9.

Cut out only (ready to sew at home): 32 and 34 ins. bust, 42/6 (13 coupons), 36, 38, and 40 ins. bust, 45/11 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/9.

When ordering, please state clearly measurements of bust, waist, hips, and full length.

How to obtain "POLLY": In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 1498R, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. When ordering, be sure to state bust measurement and name of model.

F2301

F2301.—The very latest in peplum-styled frocks. Smart, youthful. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 3½ yds. and 1 yd. contrast. 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.



WEDDING IN VICTORIA. Wing-Commander Ivan Podger, D.F.C., and his bride, Miss Lorna Mitchell, of Manly, who were married recently at Portland, Victoria.



ARRIVING AT AIRPORT, on their return to Australia, are Attorney-General (Dr. Evatt) and Mrs. Evatt.

On and off DUTY.

WOOLLAHRA-DARLING POINT Red Cross branch holds its annual general meeting at Ranciliff C.A.S. Centre, Ocean Street, Woollahra. Mrs. John Moore represents headquarters.

Report announces that sum of £21,255 passes through branch accounts; 7388 articles, including 2455 pairs of pyjamas, are sent to headquarters, and £19,383 raised by branch is sent to headquarters.

The fruit shops run by Miss M. Body and Miss A. Moore bring special mention—fruit shops raising £2252 and jam sales £700 during past year.

President Mrs. Milner Stephens tells me that branch needs more workers, and particulars of many activities of branch may be obtained by ringing FM3128.

MR. AND MRS. H. S. MCGILLICUDDY, of Chatewood, give birthday party for their son, Lieut. Conor McGillicuddy, when he has leave from northern battle station.

Conor's sister, Denise, well known artist, shows with pride her oil painting of her brother.

She makes speciality of drawings of soldiers, which she does from maps sent to her by the soldiers. Among the guests were numbers of American and Australian soldiers whose portraits she had drawn for them to send home.

DISCARDING her W.A.A.F. uniform for her wedding to Ael Heath Glen Douglas, R.A.A.F., Marjorie Alice Hebblewhite wears her sister's wedding gown, being the third sister to wear it.

Bride is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Hebblewhite, of Hurstville, and bridegroom is the fourth son of the late Mr. A. P. Douglas, and of Mrs. Douglas, of Goree, Nyngan.

Ceremony at Wagga Methodist Church is performed by R.A.A.F. chaplain, Rev. C. J. Wells.

Bride is attended by schoolgirl sister, Valerie.

LIEUT. VINCENT SEYMOUR, A.I.F., and his wife, Gloria, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, born at Woodleigh Private Hospital, Fairfield.

Baby's great-grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Donohue, who celebrate their eightieth birthdays this year, are specially delighted, and wires come from Lieut. E. Lee, A.I.F., and Sapper J. Donohue, A.I.F.



AT RACES. Pte. Inez Goldberg, A.A.M.W.S., and two other women consult their racebook.



ON STEPS OF ST. MARK'S after their wedding, John Stacey and his bride, Armelita Jorio.

FRIENDS of 2/30 Battalion will find Battalion Comforts Fund is housed in room 17, on the second floor of the Strand Arcade.

Mrs. N. Johnston, secretary of the fund, tells me committee meets on Tuesdays and Fridays, from 11.30 a.m. to 4 p.m.

COUNTRY engagement just announced is that of Mavis, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Irwin, of Wyoming, Cassilis, to Arthur, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Macgrove, of Wyoming Road, Gosford.



ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED. Pamela Ivy, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Young, of Dulwich Hill, and Driver John Stanley Grant Best, A.I.F., eldest son of late Reverend S. G. Best, and Mrs. Best, of Bellevue Hill.

WEDDING at St. Stephen's for Joan Fullerton and Sergeant P. M. McLeod, A.I.F. (ret.).

Joan is eldest daughter of Brigadier I. G. Fullerton, of Sydney, and the late Mrs. Fullerton, and bridegroom is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. V. McLeod, of St. Ives.

Erica Sinclair and bridegroom's sister, Phyllis, are bridesmaids, and bridegroom is attended by Corporal P. Chapman and Gunner Warren McLeod.

WEDDING AT ST. MARY'S for Pte. Yvonne Hurley, A.W.A.S., daughter of famous Captain Frank Hurley, and Sergeant Alan Greacen, A.I.F. Bride's twin sisters, Adelle and Mrs. Frank Mooy, wearing colorful saris, are bridesmaids.

CAPTAIN and Mrs. David Gates, married recently at Leigh Memorial Methodist Church, Parramatta, have returned from their honeymoon at Bundanoon, and Captain Gates has rejoined his A.I.F. unit.

Mrs. Gates, who was formerly Jean Beedell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Beedell, of Northmead, is doing voluntary war job typing at Parramatta Area Office, and in her spare time does camouflage netting at Northmead centre.

"STORK DANCE" is name chosen by Kuring-gai Centre of Crown Street Women's Hospital for their party at Killara Memorial Hall this Saturday to raise funds for the hospital.

Florence Dent, secretary, tells me that committee expect to entertain numbers of Service men and women at their dance.

QUEEN competition at Ryde raises £1000 for Ryde Patriotic Fund, and Ryde Town Hall is crowded when Diggers' Queen, Mrs. H. Farrington, who raises £318/19/10, is crowned.

In conjunction with crowning ceremony, dance is held which raises £56. Mayor of Ryde (Alderman McMillan) and Sir Frederick Stewart both speak at the ceremony.

FILM GUIDE

**** Arabian Nights.** Sophisticated producer Walter Wanger has used technicolor to create a fabulous spectacle, but does not take his work too seriously. This would be just another old-time sheik picture, but achieves distinction with its unusually effective photography and attractive cast. The film is full of fire, galloping steeds, and swordplay, with copper-torced Jon Hall, who plays Haroun-Al-Raschid, and fragile Maria Montez, as Scheherazade, making an attractive, romantic pair. Best shots—the play of sunlight and shadow across the rich bronze desert sands.—State; showing.

**** They Died With Their Boots On.** Exciting tale of the old West with Errol Flynn as America's spectacular hero, General George Custer. When director Raoul Walsh re-creates the Civil War battles, and the grand-scale mounted manoeuvres of the white man and the Indian, it makes thrilling and exciting melodrama, but in between skirmishes the film is on the tedious side, burdened with over-much personal narrative. Olivia de Havilland as Custer's wife has little to do, but does it with charm.—Fattier; showing.

**** Rhythm on Ice.** Republic's ice extravaganza is good entertainment fare. The catchy music and spectacular production make up for a dull story. Skating thrills provided by Megan Taylor and father Phil Taylor, together with Jackson and Lyman, are highlights of this film, relating to farm girl Ellen Drew's adventures when she inherits an ice show. Vera Vague and Jerry Colonna provide their own special brand of nonsense.—Victory; showing.

**** My Sister, Eileen.** A madly merry film packed with crazy situations and colorful characters. The story deals with the adventures of two small-town sisters, Rosalind Russell and Janet Blair, who come to New York to win fame. The sisters complicate their lives considerably by choosing as residence an incredible Greenwich Village basement apartment. The supporting cast is well above average, although Brian Aherne is handicapped by a stiff, wordy role.—Mayfair; showing.

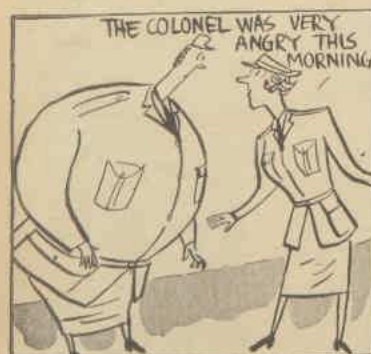
**** Immortal Sergeant.** An entertaining and timely film revolving around a sunrise patrol lost in the Libyan desert. The story is slight, and concentrates mainly on giving an intimate character study of the men. Henry Fonda is aptly cast, and gives a fine performance, and receives splendid support from Thomas Mitchell and Maureen O'Hara.—Plaza; showing.

*** Three Hearts for Julia.** Familiar tale of the young husband whose work takes him away from the family fireside, and the pretty wife who finds other romantic interests. Melvyn Douglas and Ann Sothern are attractive enough as the young marrieds, but both are badly handicapped by stilted dialogue and static situations. Best sequences in the film are the several symphonic interludes by a women's orchestra.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION. Clive Evatt, opens new canteen at Darlington School, which is opened under auspices of University Settlement.

Visitors to opening sampled Oslo lunch, which will be served at the canteen.

Betty



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep



Movie World

● Having recently returned from an entertainment tour in North Africa, pretty Fox star, Carole Landis, is now anxious to visit troops in Australia. Despite the many hardships and dangers encountered on the tour, Carole says she likes to think

that she is part of the American Army, and at present is at her Santa Monica home waiting the call to take her off again for foreign service. During her tour in England, Carole met and married Captain Thomas Wallace, of the U.S. Army Air Corps.



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Match up a bag . . . trim up a beret

• A plain velvet beret achieves new character with the addition of a contrasting cord outlining the edge. Knitted cords and a clump of tassels dangle from the crown. (Right.)

• A beret to wear right on top of your head. To make it look novel, garnish with two rows of contrasting velvet ribbon with bows. It can be dressed up with a veil or casual without.

• To make this muff-bag, use some of your dress fabrics, or a contrasting material which, perhaps, matches up with a hat. Very simple for even an amateur to make. It fastens with three large covered buttons.

• Another matched-up hat and bag combination. The simply designed but attractive bag can be easily made in felt or cloth fabric to match a dress or a suit. Suggested here in two tones with stitched border. (Right.)



"BUT," I reminded him, "your barn is over a mile distant, while the empty school stable is right here at hand."

"School barn won't be empty next winter when the roads get snowed in and the kids take to usin' horses again. Tell you, Mr. Jessup, I figger Eph give you a raw deal, and I want to help you out. Swap Sapphira for the barn, and I'll sell you a good gentle milker outa my own herd reasonable."

"Soon's you get the government permit to move the barn, I'll hook my tractor to it and pull it right here on to the school lot free gratis. What do you say?"

Caution whispered in my ear, "Beware!" But the calamitous prospects of a teapotless Marcia's mother and a milkless Evangeline deafened my ear to caution. "Mr. Thompson," I said, "I say yes."

"Then," said Mr. Thompson, brisily, "let's load up Sapphira an' I'll get goin'."

"If you don't mind," I said, "I shall accompany you to Buffalo Butte to arrange for the permit to move the barn."

Mr. Thompson blinked. "Ain't that big a hurry, is there?"

"On the contrary," I rejoined, "time, in this particular instance, is of the essence. Both cow and barn must be here on the school grounds before Monday evening."

When Marcia and Marcia's mother returned I could point out the barn as a tangible asset in place of the vanished Basenji.

"Okay," said Mr. Thompson. Arrived at Buffalo Butte, we consigned Sapphira to fate and Mr. Schram.

"I gotta hustle over to Radnor an' pick up a load of scrap," Mr. Thompson informed me. "Be seein' you, Mr. Jessup."

"The permit," I reminded him. "Oh, yeah, the permit," Mr. Thompson let in the clutch. "You get that at the municipal office. Ask for Mr. Cullen."

I found Mr. Cullen engrossed with a heap of forms. "Barn can't be moved off the place before taxes

are paid up. Government regulations," he rasped, and I began to understand Mr. Thompson's reluctance to accompany me to the municipal office. Determinedly, I said: "Doubtless I could arrange for their payment. What is the amount of the tax arrears?"

Mr. Cullen consulted a voluminous ledger. "Thompson kind of let them pile up," he announced. "They come to three hundred and ninety-eight dollars and seventy-three cents. Which is just about four times what that old barn is worth."

The office proceeded to gyrate in a disconcerting fashion. I managed to articulate, "Perhaps I had better reconsider the matter."

"Perhaps you better had," Mr. Cullen said pleasantly.

I walked thoughtfully out of the office. My mood of utter dejection was stirred by another and a more violent emotion. Mine is not a nature easily stirred to wrath. Nevertheless, I found myself longing to meet face to face either one or both of those arch swindlers, Messrs. Thompson and Flack.

As I glided homeward on the two-seater bicycle my spirits descended into indigo depths of despondency. On Monday Marcia and Marcia's mother would return to Gopher Gap, bringing little Evangeline with them. They would find no teapot, no cow, and no Basenji. Then, drawn up by the roadside, a cloud

of steam voluting skyward from its radiator, I beheld the Basenji itself.

Mr. Flack's venerable beard was bent over its stilled engine. Mr. Flack's sonorous voice was raised, but not, I regret to state, in prayer.

Dismounting, I said severely: "Mr. Flack, I must remind you that such language is most unseemly."

He turned upon me a grease-stippled countenance convulsed with wrath. "You dithering, long-eared offspring of Ananias!" he roared. "You gyped me! I bought a car in good faith, and what did I get? Nothing but a flat-tyred, busted-springed, short-circuited heap of cast-off—"

"Stop!" I thundered. "Stop flinging such reprehensible aspersions at a helpless car. And you, of all men, have the colossal effrontery to accuse me of cheating! Knowing full well that you have perpetrated upon me one of the most despicable examples of roguery that ever—"

Mr. Flack changed with startling abruptness from truculence to entreaty. "Mr. Jessup, speak softly," he pleaded. "Brother Skelton's right behind you!"

Turning my head, I perceived that a minister of the Gospel was indeed approaching. He carried a can that doubtless contained water to replenish the Basenji's radiator. And now I knew that I held Mr. Flack in the hollow of my hand.

Continued from page 5

"What if he is?" I demanded loudly. "Mr. Skelton has a right to know the kind of viper he has innocently associated himself with."

"Mr. Jessup," Mr. Flack begged abjectly. "Don't tell him! I'm sorry I switched them cows on you. I've even tried to square things already. The wife had a teapot that's the spitting image of the one you busted, down to the last little angel. I left it in the teacherage just now, passing by. Take your car and give me back Sapphira and we'll call the deal off."

"I fear Sapphira is beyond recall," I replied. "I traded her to Mr. Thompson for the barn on his east pasture. The building is still in fair condition, and if you—"

"Just what I need, Mr. Jessup. I'll move that barn over on to my own place. It's only four miles. Give me the Thompson barn for your car back again, and we'll call everything square."

"You shall not find me ungenerous, Mr. Flack," I said. "Here is boot on the trade." And I pushed the two-seater towards him.

I poured into the Basenji's radiator the water Mr. Skelton had fetched, tightened the carburettor screw an eighth of a turn, and turned the motor over a dozen times. Then I opened the switch and pressed down the starter. The engine came to life with an ear-splitting roar.

Who is Sylvia?

Continued from page 5

NEARING

gate, I saw two bicycle riders turn into it ahead of me. One of them, slackened and snooded, was Marcia. The other was Marcia's mother. We alighted, all three, simultaneously.

"Darling!" exclaimed Marcia. "Aunt Nellie's trip to Banff is off. Little Evangeline has measles, and Auntie has to stay home to mind her. And it was such a lovely day mother and I just borrowed two bicycles and started home."

We entered the teacherage. "I was unable to negotiate the purchase of a cow," I admitted.

"Just as well," said Marcia's mother. "Marcia and I talked it over and decided that a cow would be too much bother to take care of, so—happily days, Holloway Jessup! You've left my best teapot on the kitchen table!"

Snatching up the teapot Mr. Flack had left, she examined it minutely. It was obvious that her lynx eye for detail had detected some discrepancy from the original. I recollected that no hand-painted copy could be an absolute facsimile. I clenched my hands and waited.

"This day and age!" exclaimed Marcia's mother. "It seems you have to get away from things now and then to see them as they really are. Here I've been making tea in this teapot for thirty years, and I never noticed until just now that one of the little angels is standing on his head!"

(Copyright)

Master

Continued from page 2

THE best uni-

form of Captain Lefevre was hanging from a hook on the bulkhead, the gold bands of rank gleaming on the cuff. And there was, too, a uniform cap, with the golden oak leaves of rank on the peak, lying beneath it. And above the master's desk was a full-faced portrait of him. Mr. March felt very young when he saw it.

He felt something tighten inside him.

"I didn't understand," he said gently. And he touched the gold-braced cap with his hand. "Perhaps I can wear this some day. But I've done my best." And he added, with a genuine respect he had never felt before, "Sir!"

(Copyright)

on the bridge," he rasped, his nerves exasperated. "But never mind. Where's the chart for Tonga Harbor?"

"I don't know, sir," said Thomas hurriedly. "But I think it's on the table."

"Well, find it!" shouted Mr. March.

He checked himself once again, swallowed hard, and found control. "Well, find it, Thomas," he said gently.

And then he went on the lower bridge and to Captain Lefevre's room. He had to have the ship's papers.

He stepped inside the calm of the cabin, removing his cap from habit; and he swallowed hard again.

TEETHING—but you would never know



If you keep a supply of Ashton & Parsons' Powders on hand you'll not dread the cutting of baby's first teeth. These absolutely safe and reliable Powders ease pain, check stomach disorders and keep baby healthy and happy.

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The harder your job—the more reason to use LIFEBOUY

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CHIC TURBAN...made in a jiffy!

● You simply twist a long, straight scarf around your head, and tie as illustrated.

It looks like a hat, gay and pixie-like, perched above your roll of curls in front, but swathed neatly over all the stray ends at the back. But, really, it is only a long, straight scarf that one moment was hugging your neck and the next is twisted into this newest of all turbans.

Not a stitch is needed to hold it, yet the pixie hood will stay neat and tidy all day, and keep all stray locks of your hair in place, too. And it is so becoming and fresh, with its amusing peak and pretty rolled brim. It gives you a new confidence to face the unknowns of the day.

Choose a scarf long enough to go twice round your head (about 45 ins. long). It should be about 8 ins. wide, and is best made of a fairly firm-woven fabric. Or you could make one from a straight strip of material, with a narrow hem each side.

Find the exact centre of the scarf and lay it across the centre front of your head. Take the ends round to the back of your head and cross them neatly, as you see in the small picture on the right.

Pull the ends tightly and twist each of them into a fairly tight roll. Swathe them round your head and tie them in a single knot in front, and tuck in the loose ends.

You can fasten the ends with a brooch-pin to hold them quite firm. Arrange the peak to suit yourself, tucking it in slightly at the top if it seems too high. And make sure that the back of your pixie turban overlaps neatly.



NOT A STITCH is needed to hold it, yet the pixie hood will stay neat and tidy all day, and keep all stray locks of your hair in place, too. And it is so becoming and fresh, with its amusing peak and pretty rolled brim.

CROSS THE ENDS behind and twist them into a roll fastening in front, as shown top picture.

Vitamin foods for baby-building

By Our Mothercraft Nurse

FOODS of high vitamin content are essential to the health of the mother and the developing babe.

Vitamin insufficiency is often one of the defects in the pre-natal diet of the mother-to-be. This lack detracts from her ability to nurse her baby; it also affects the quality of the milk.

It must be recognised that nature demands a large supply of certain food factors for its building purposes during pregnancy.

Although the old idea of "eating for two" is a fallacy, it is very necessary during pregnancy to see that the quality of the food is right, and that enough of the "protective" foods are on the daily menu.

These "protective" or "safe" foods, such as milk, green vegetables, fruit, whole grain cereals, etc., are those which are rich in vitamins.

A leaflet describing the best type of "vitamin foods" has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau and if a request with a stamped, addressed envelope is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, a leaflet will be forwarded. Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

Headache... the body's fire alarm

By MEDICO

MRS. CARLTON complained of a headache that "just wouldn't go away." Blaming her eyes, she had them tested—with no result. Next she went to her dentist—still no result.

"I've been taking powders," she explained. "They ease the pain, but it soon comes back."

Sometimes a headache is the danger signal that something is wrong; the only cure is a complete overhaul. A persistent headache should certainly not be treated with powders. They may deaden the pain, but they will not cure.

But there are any number of reasons for a headache which are

not serious. Hunger or exhaustion, for instance; working for long hours in a stuffy room, or eating too many fatty foods.

Measles, scarlet fever, and influenza are heralded with a headache coupled with a rise in temperature. Constipation, teeth, eye-strain are just a few more causes.

Then, again, a headache may be the result of nerves.

It may sound silly, but the best cure for this type is to stop worrying. See that you have proper foods, plenty of exercise, and sufficient sleep. This may not solve the worries, but with your health in good order you'll be better able to face them.

There is another cause of headaches that I must mention—it is carbon monoxide. Only last week I was called to attend to a man who had fainted in his garage.

Having a gas-producer on his car, it was his custom to start up and leave it running while he had his breakfast. A small leak in the pipe from the producer to the engine was enough to fill the closed garage with this dangerous gas.

The gas is dangerous because it's tasteless, odorless, and colorless. The smallest leak in the exhaust can be sufficient to fill a closed car and seriously affect the occupants.

The carbon monoxide headache is often accompanied with dizziness, smarting eyes, nausea, drowsiness, and lack of co-ordination of the muscles.

IF YOU ARE A MARRIED WOMAN

How to make sure of "All-day" Energy.

To be "up to scratch" every day, you must make sure your system is keyed to meet the call your work makes on it. Doctor R. A. Richardson states that many breakdowns are the result of nerves, irritated by poisons and toxins that are not properly eliminated.

Headaches, lost energy, constipation, nerves, and general failing health can be quickly removed with regulated doses of R.U.R., because it contains a laxative, liver stimulant, kidney cleanser, blood purifier, and acid corrective. It cannot harm the heart or any other organ of the body.

Keep on top of your job by keeping in the "pink of good health" with R.U.R. R.U.R. is bound to do you good.

Take R.U.R. and Right You Are!

From now on, sister, SLEEP will do more good than we can



THERE is a time reached in the treatment of all ills when doctor and nurse can let the natural recuperative forces of the body do their work unaided. It is then sound, refreshing sleep becomes the most important thing of all. The Vitamin B, phosphorous and calcium in Bourn-vita are valuable for the nerves. The use of Bourn-vita in Military Hospitals and Convalescent Homes considerably restricts

the normal supplies... but, if you are patient, you can still buy an occasional tin of Bourn-vita... the favourite nightcap of thousands.



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FOR DEEP RESTORING SLEEP

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Soothes rough Chapped Skin



The trade-mark Vaseline is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chasebrough Manufacturing Company.

Itch Germs Cause Killed in 3 Days

Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause terrible itching, Cracking, Eczema, Peeling, Burning, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads, Pimples, Foot Itch, and other blemishes. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germs quickly, and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin in one week, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and remove the real cause of skin trouble.

NIXODERM 2/- & 4/-

For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch.

Don't Take Chances SMASH COLD & FLU ATTACKS with 'ASPRO'

For 25 Years 'ASPRO' has been proved for COLD-FLU and SORE THROATS - Don't Delay Take 'ASPRO' when first Symptoms appear

Follow these DIRECTIONS...

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2 to 3 Tablets immediately first symptoms appear and 2 Tablets every 3 hours afterwards. Take a hot lemon drink with the last dose before retiring.

SORE THROAT

Gargle with Aspro every three hours. Mix 3 Tablets in half-glass of water, making fresh mixture each time.



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There is NO SALES TAX on ASPRO.

5/43



PANCAKES for dinner, and the family reacts like a duck to the rain. Serve them sometimes in American style as pictured on this page. They are cut in wedges and served with a lemon syrup sauce. See recipe on this page.

GINGER SNAPS

Half cup margarine or dripping, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup treacle, 1 cup strong black coffee, 2 2-3rd cups flour, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda.

Cream fat and sugar well. Beat in treacle. Add coffee gradually, and then the sifted flour, ginger, and soda. Stand until the mixture begins to rise. Turn on to floured board, roll thinly, and cut into rounds, and bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) 7 to 10 minutes.

LEMON AMBER PIE

One cup brown sugar, 1 egg, 1/8th teaspoon salt, juice and rind of 1 lemon, 2 large apples, 6oz. short-crust pastry.

Beat the egg, sugar, and salt together. Add the grated lemon rind and the lemon juice. Grate the apples and stir into the lemon mixture. Line a pie plate with half the pastry. Pile on the lemon mixture and cover with pastry. Bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 10 minutes and then reduce the heat to moderate (350 deg. F.) or lower the pie in the oven and cook a further 20 minutes.

HAMBURGER MEAT LOAF

One pound minced meat, 2 cups breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, stock or water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper.

Combine ingredients, moistening with stock or water. Bake in greased bar tin in moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.) for 30 minutes. Serve in slices with potato, onion, and a side salad of lettuce and sliced tomato or grated carrot.

SPAGHETTI PIE

Half pound spaghetti, 1 pint white sauce, 1 1/2lb. minced meat, 1 large onion, 1 dessertspoon dripping, 2 tomatoes, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, pepper and salt.

Cook the spaghetti in fast-boiling water. Drain and add to the sauce. Season the meat well and moisten with stock or water, and cook over a low heat until color is changed. Herbs may be added to season further. Place meat in a greased pie-dish. Cover with onion slices sautéed in a covered pan with the dripping. Cover with spaghetti and then with tomato slices. Sprinkle cheese on top and bake in a moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.) for about 30 minutes. Serve piping hot.

SATISFYING the APPETITE

● Appetites sharpen swiftly this weather, and day after day the homemaker strives to serve meals that embrace not only the essentials to health but foods that satisfy the hungry... Here are suggestions and recipes for hearty foods to help you.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

HEARTY meat courses served with pastry or dumplings (or heavy vegetables) should be followed with light fruit sweet, custard, or souffles as unsubstantial to the palate as mists in the air. Light savory dishes can be paired with hearty sweets, pies, roly-polys, steamed gingerbreads and their like.

Salads, those health and beauty foods, can satisfy the heaviest appetite demands if served with nut-bread or popovers.

PANCAKES

Half pound self-raising flour, 1 egg, 1 1/2 cups milk and water, 1 teaspoon salt.

Sift the flour and salt. Beat the egg and add half the liquid. Make a well in the centre of the flour. Pour in the beaten egg and milk and water. Gradually stir in the flour, mixing to a smooth paste. Add the rest of the liquid, beating until the mixture is smooth. Cover, and stand one hour. Pour into a jug and pour thin layers into a greased frying-pan, turning to brown.

Syrup Pancakes.—As in picture on this page. Sprinkle each hot pancake with brown sugar mixed with grated lemon rind. Pile one on top of the other and serve cut down in wedges. The brown sugar melts to a syrup.

Cheese and Vegetable Pancakes.—Roll pancake around cooked vegetable mixture and serve topped with a cheese sauce.

Sausage Pancakes.—Roll pancake around fried or grilled sausage. Serve with brown onion sauce.

HOLIDAY PLUM PUDDING

Two eggs, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 cup finely chopped suet, 1 1/2 cups breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons spices (mixed or blended to taste), 1 1/2 cups fruit (preferably raisins), 1 cup chopped nuts, 1 1/2 tablespoons flour.

Beat egg-yolks and sugar. Add lemon juice, suet, breadcrumbs, baking powder, salt and spice. Fold in beaten egg-whites, and then mix in fruit, nuts, and flour. Grease pudding basin well and flour, place in pudding, cover, and steam for 3 hours, or bake in a very slow oven (250deg. F.) for 3 hours. This pudding may be kept several weeks before using.

ORANGE BREAD LOAF

Three cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup chopped nuts, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 cup orange marmalade, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Mix in sugar, nuts, orange rind, marmalade, and, lastly, well-beaten egg and milk. Turn into a well-greased loaf tin, stand 10 minutes, and then bake 1 to one hour in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.). This is delicious sliced and made into sandwiches with cream cheese filling.

SPICED SOUR MILK DOUGHNUTS

One egg, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 2 cups flour.

Beat egg and sugar until smooth and creamy. Stir in the milk, and then the soda. Stir in quickly and lightly the sifted flour, salt, and spice. Turn on to well-floured board and knead lightly. Roll about 1/3rd inch thick and cut into rings with cutter. Fry in deep, fuming fat for three to five minutes. Drain on crumpled paper and sprinkle with spiced sugar.

POTATO CHEESE PUFF

Half cup milk, 1/2lb. grated cheese, 2 egg-yolks, 3 cups mashed potatoes, 1 tablespoon margarine or good beef dripping, 2 egg-whites, salt, pepper.

Beat milk in double boiler, add the cheese, stirring until dissolved and smooth. Beat in the egg-yolks and then, whipping well, add the smoothly mashed potatoes. Add the margarine or dripping, and then fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites.

Season and pile roughly into a greased dish, sprinkle lightly with grated cheese, and bake in a moderately hot oven (400deg. F.) for 20 minutes. Serve with toast fingers.

STEAK AND KIDNEY ROLL

One pound minced steak, 2 sheep's kidneys, 1 dessertspoon minced onion, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, three cups flour, 1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder, 6oz. grated suet, water to mix.

Chop the kidneys into 1-inch dice and mix with the steak, onion, flour, and pepper, salt and sauce. Make a soft suet crust with the sifted flour, baking powder, salt, suet and water. Roll to an oblong, spread with the meat mixture, roll firmly and tie securely in a pudding cloth. Plunge into boiling water and boil gently for 3 hours.

Seasonal gardening news

THYME, sage, and marjoram take a long time to dry in the sun during winter. Dehydration can be assisted by selecting leaves just before they have reached the flowering stage, followed by drying in a slow oven.

The heat should be increased gradually until the leaves break from the stalks readily at a touch. They may then be stripped and stored in airtight bottles. Celery leaves may be treated in the same way. Store in darkness or the herbs will lose their flavor.

To prevent strawberries becoming soiled, mulch the plants with tan bark, or long, clean straw. When the plants flower, feed up with liquid fowl manure.

PRUNE logan, new, and young berries during winter, taking out all dead canes, and leaving those new canes that were formed last season, but did not fruit. They will flower and fruit this year.

TRIM up the lawn edges during winter. Edges that are worn or broken can be renewed by cutting out a square of turf and turning the outer edge inside and the inside edge outside.

MAKE the most of your backyard orchard during the next few months. Feed up the trees, spray and prune them well during the dormant months, and give them a few barrow-loads of manure. It will come back in the form of fruit next summer.—Our Home Gardener.

TURNER AND FITTER.

WHEN NELL DECIDED TO INVADE THE STERN AND MANLY METAL TRADE

SHE NEVER DREAMED HER HEART WOULD PINE FOR BILL ON THE ASSEMBLY LINE

BUT GRIMY HANDS, SO IT APPEARS DON'T COINCIDE WITH HIS IDEAS

WASH ROOM

ALL HANDS TODAY NEED—

USE SOLVOL THERE'S NO FITTER THING TO TURN HIS THOUGHTS TOWARDS A RING!

SOLVOL

MARMALADE RECIPES

● These home-tested jams carry off the prizes in this week's best recipe contest.

THERE is a rich flavor to a mandarin marmalade or jam that suits its color. If the mandarins are small, cut across, in thin whole slices. They look most attractive.

Carrot marmalade is especially popular with householders who have victory gardens.

Make, also, the first prize orange and apple jam. It's delicious!

APPLE AND ORANGE MARMALADE

Six medium navel oranges (size of cricket ball), 5 medium Granny Smith apples, 2 medium lemons, 12 cups water, 6lb. sugar.

Wash and wipe fruit. Slice oranges and lemons thinly, discard pits, cover with water, and allow to stand 3 nights. Butter preserving pan, put in soaked oranges, lemons, and apples (peeled, cored, and sliced).

Boil 1 hour, then add sugar. Stir until dissolved, then boil briskly until it jells. Bottle hot. When cold screw on lids, and dip in melted candlewax. Keeps indefinitely.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Cawley, 9 Murray St., Lane Cove, N.S.W.

CARROT AND RHUBARB MARMALADE

One pound of rhubarb, 1lb. young carrots, 1 lemon, 2lb. sugar, 1lb. candied citron, 1oz. ground ginger.

Grate or dice carrots small and cut rhubarb into 1in. lengths. Shred citron, peel lemon, and cut up pulp finely. Cook rhubarb, carrot, and lemon till tender, add sugar, citron, and ginger, and boil quickly till the jam will set. Bottle and cover.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Judith Johnson, 4a Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

LEMON MARMALADE

Six large lemons, 6 pints water, 6lb. sugar.

Slice fruit thinly. Cover with the water. Leave overnight. Next day boil till tender, 20 to 30 minutes. Add sugar, then continue boiling till marmalade will set when tested on a saucer—half to three-quarters of



CUSTARD PIES—better to eat than to throw! Add lemon juice to pastry, and the rind (grated) to the custard.

an hour. Bottle and seal while warm.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Alsop, 15 Queen St., Goodwood Park, S.A.

MANDARIN JAM

(Three Jars for 1/-)

Four large thin-skinned mandarins, 1 lemon, 5 cups water, 5 cups sugar.

Wash and dry fruit. Cut into thin ridges, leaving skin on. Remove seeds. Peel lemon, cut peel into long, thin strips, and centre into dice.

Mix fruits, add water, boil without stirring till peel is tender. Remove from stove and cool. Add sugar, which has been warmed. Boil till

jells when tested. Avoid stirring, but shake pan to prevent burning.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Walker, 649 Inkerman Rd., Caulfield, Vic.

CHOU PIQUANTE

One medium cabbage, washed, shredded, and cooked in boiling, salted water for 10 minutes. Drain off all but 1 cup liquid and add 3 tablespoons good dripping, 1 tart apple (chopped), 6 cloves, 1/3rd cup vinegar, 1 cup sugar. Simmer 20 minutes, remove cloves, sprinkle liberally with grated cheese, and serve.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. Smith, Calulu, Vic.

Now is the time to divide and replant perennials

PERENNIALS, such as phlox, chrysanthemums, doricums, sunflowers, pentstemons, cannas, asters, and delphiniums, should be divided up as soon as they have begun to make growth and before they have had a chance to shoot up too much.

Some that have been in place for two or three years will profit by the division and be enabled to maintain quality and quantity of bloom.

Lift the entire clumps carefully, shake them to remove surplus soil, and use a sharp knife to make a clean cut through crown and roots, leaving two or three new buds or tiny shoots for each division.

If too many are left, the future plants will still be overcrowded.

Manure the soil well before replanting, for they must in most cases stand undisturbed for at least another couple of years after being divided. Firm the soil well all round and water well.

—OUR HOME GARDENER.



USE A SHARP KNIFE to make a clean cut through crown and roots, leaving two or three shoots for each division. Replant as directed.

DE WITT'S PILLS

A GREAT HELP FOR

Joint Pains

You can put an end to joint pains—if you cleanse and strengthen your kidneys so that they can clear from your system excess uric acid poisons and other impurities. Let De Witt's Pills wake sluggish kidneys to action and watch those joint pains disappear for good. De Witt's Pills are ready to give you quick and lasting relief. Within 24 hours of the first dose you have proof, and if you give De Witt's Pills a fair trial, joint pains will completely disappear.



DeWitt's KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS

Made specially to relieve the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica Joint Pains, and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Prices, 1/9, 3/, and 5/9

Quick! Relief from FLU aches

BOTTLE OF 24, 1/9
BOTTLE OF 100, 4/-



BAYER'S ASPIRIN



BE CAREFUL—food is too precious to waste. Measure all ingredients. Glass measures, like the one Ruth Hussey, MGM, pictured above, is using, cost little.

MELON PIE

Peel and seed sufficient melon for pies for the family, cut into dice, stew gently with little sugar for 20 minutes. Allow to cool. Line a pie-dish with a good shortcrust, place in melon, make a custard with yolks 2 eggs, 1oz. sugar, and almost one pint milk.

Bake in a moderately hot oven for half an hour. Whip the egg-whites stiffly with 4 tablespoons sugar, pile on top of pie. Place in oven until meringue is set and slightly browned. (Essence of lemon or lemon juice will improve the pie.)

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Palmer, 113 Beamish St., Campbell, N.S.W.

You're smarter when you're Exotic—



EAU DE COLOGNE
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7 SIZES — FROM 1/3 (MIDGET) AT ALL LEADING STORES

ECZEMA Foot Troubles

All day long you're on your feet—standing or walking. No wonder they hurt and your ankles swell. Take more care of them by massaging with FLEXIBAR Ointment. It's fine, too, for Chills, and soon makes you comfortable again.

If yours is a case of eczema, ulcers, or poison wounds, be sure to use Flexibar. For cuts and other everyday injuries it heals without a scar.

The valuable ti-tree oil—a most powerful germicide—in Flexibar makes it easily absorbed into the skin, soothing pain and reducing swelling and inflammation.

FLEXIBAR OINTMENT

Price, 2/- full-size jar. From Chemists and Stores. If unavailable locally, write to Flexibar Distributors, 375 Kent Street, Sydney, or 325 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.



A food of inestimable value when light diet is indicated

OFTEEN, when other foods are rejected by the stomach, Horlicks proves to be the only food that the system will retain and assimilate. Horlicks is easily digested even by the most delicate system.

THE revivifying effect of Horlicks is most marked. It contains milk sugar and malt sugars which pass into the blood-stream very quickly, creating energy and warmth almost immediately.

AS a tissue-repairer, Horlicks is of undoubted value, since it contains a valuable proportion of readily-assimilable protein and a useful percentage of mixed carbohydrates. Thus it definitely assists the physical

building-up process after illness.

EVEN when the patient has a poor appetite, Horlicks is welcomed because of its delicious flavour. And the preparation of Horlicks entails no bother or fuss—it needs neither milk nor sugar. The milk is already in Horlicks—rich, full-cream milk—and the natural sugars make it sweet enough for most tastes. Nor is Horlicks expensive.

Horlicks in tins, 3/-, or handy glass jars, 3/6. (Prices slightly higher in the country.)



HORLICKS



NORMAN ENGLAND

FASHION THROUGH THE AGES

The Normans, with their rough tunics and cloaks, added little to the history of Fashion, but in other ways their influence was profound. They taught the individualistic Saxon the power of unified effort, and much of Britain's later success in a highly competitive world shows how that lesson has been learned. It was shown by example, in 1926 when several manufacturers combined all their experience and resources in one vast common "pool"—the I.C.I. Dyestuffs Group—thus doubling their value to the trade they served. Today I.C.I. is the Empire's greatest centre for dyestuff production and research.

"A silk purse from a sow's ear" would cause little surprise today. Stranger things are happening. The "golden touch" of the mythical King Midas has become the reality in the magic touch of the modern Chemist. Organic Chemistry, in fact, is building a strange, new, and better world of tomorrow.

And a silk purse from a sow's ear, even if it were a reality, would be no more wonderful than a pair of stockings from coal tar and coke or the material for a shimmering evening gown from a spruce tree! Yes, Mother Nature had a queer sense of humour. She placed all her treasures in three great storehouses . . . the earth, the sea and the air . . . and challenged man to fit together the colossal jig-saw that she created.

Man has certainly accepted the challenge, and none more successfully than the Organic Chemist. From such common things as wood, air, water, salt, coal and the growing plants, he isolated and identified rare elements and then began to transform them into man-made things of

beauty and utility which have added much in comfort and happiness to our daily lives. Typical of the finished products is "Velan", a finish for fabrics that makes them water-repellant and resistant to spots and stains whilst enhancing their draping qualities.

Another is "nylon", an ideal material for stockings and dress fabrics with unusually quick drying properties . . . a fact that explains why "nylon" tooth-brush bristles can resist the effects of water and retain strength and resiliency even when wet. Other valuable synthetics are "Perspex", only half the weight of glass, yet affording much clearer vision in modern aeroplanes . . . Acrylic resins for modern dentures in natural colours . . . Rubber chemicals which impart greater wearing properties to natural rubber . . . and "Polyvinyl" resins, an important addition to the range of modern Plastics.



What the future holds, no man can predict but one thing is certain . . . there will be new things under the sun!

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES

OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND LIMITED

Manufacturers and Suppliers of General Chemicals, Dyestuffs, Organics, Nylon Products, "Velan", "Perspex", Food Phosphates, Etc.